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THE

UNITED STATES

AND

ENGLAND:

BEING A REPLY TO THE CRITICISM

ON

INCHIQUIN'S LETTERS

CONTAINED IN THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW

FOR JANUARY, 1814.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. INSKEEP;

AND

BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA.

Van Winkle and Wiley, Printers.

1815.

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DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eighth day of December, in the thirty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. H. INSKEEP, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

The United States and England: being a Reply to the Criticism on Inchiquin's Letters, contained in the Quarterly Review for January, 1814.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled, "An act, supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

THERON RUDD,
Clerk of the District of New-York.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE only attempt that we have seen to answer the uncandid and swaggering attack made upon the reputation of the people of the United States, in a late number of the Quarterly Review, is contained in a series of letters published in an eastern paper. This *defence* consists pretty much in an admission of most of the charges, provided an exception is made in favour of New-England. For ourselves, we know of no such discriminating patriotism as this; and however it may be the fashion in that portion of the union to offer up their brethren as sacrifices to their own interests, we do not admire it enough to make it the object of our imitation. We would not sell our brother Joseph, even though twice twenty pieces were bid for him. The reply here attempted, such as it is, was written for the United States, and not for any particular district of the east or the west, the north or the south; nor calculated for the meridian of old Virginia, or New-England. That it has thus long been delayed, is owing to the writer's continued expectation that some one better qualified than himself would undertake the task of retaliating upon this very miserable writer, whose disposition to injure our national reputation is only bounded by that which circumscribes the mischievous attempts of all petty insects—weakness and imbecility.

THE

UNITED STATES

AND

ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, that never did us a single good office, accuses us of ingratitude; and though the whole history of her connexion with this country exhibits one uninterrupted series of the cold, haughty, and unfeeling selfishness of an unnatural parent, jealous of the growth and prosperity of her offspring, she is forever reproaching us with the crime of disobedience. It would seem, indeed, that the new world was destined, like Hercules, to be for a time subservient to the capricious tyranny of some stern Eurystheus of the old. The aborigines of South America were first plundered, and then extirpated, by the unrelenting avarice, or bigoted phrensy of the first invaders; and the early colonists of the north were left to encounter, unsupported, the inclemencies of winter; to explore untrodden wilds; and to cope, unassisted, with the cunning and revengeful Indian, irritated at the invasion of his interminable woods; while the descendants of these adventurous pilgrims were afterwards made to pay for protection which neither their ancestors nor themselves ever received.

When, after encountering difficulties and hardships greater than those of the knights errant of chivalry, and overcoming them with a courage and perseverance almost without example in the history of the world, they had settled themselves to enjoy the fruits of their toils, the government of England, finding her promising offspring likely to do well, took them under

its protection. They were obliged to pay salaries to governors for infringing their rights; to accept charters that secured to England the profits of their industry, and were favoured with laws most ingeniously calculated to destroy that freedom for which their forefathers trusted themselves to the pathless ocean, and the protection of heaven. They were forced to become partners in wars in which they had no concern, and to enter into bloody contests, for the protection of Hanover, or the security of the Carnatic. In fine, they were gradually menaced with that system of oppression which England has exercised over her colonies in every quarter of the globe; which has drawn from India rivers of blood and oceans of wealth, and converted brave and generous Ireland, with whose soldiers, whom she denies the common privilege of worship, she fights her battles, and under whose generals she is alone accustomed to conquer, into a boiling whirlpool of political strife and individual antipathies.

Fortunately for us, our forefathers saw and felt this web that was spinning about them before it was too late, and resisted successfully, because they had justice on their side, and heaven prospered their exertions. But England, though forced to relinquish her grasp, still menaced us with her arm; delayed under different pretexts the fulfilment of her stipulations—withheld possessions which she had resigned by treaty—took every opportunity to embarrass our commerce—insulted the sovereignty of the nation by violence committed on our ships of war—and by depredations even in the waters of the United States; and, finally, by a perseverance in every species of insult and injury, again forced us to take up arms, a second time, to vindicate the independence of our country.

What her conduct has been in that war we have seen and felt. It has been such as to outrage every rule and practice of civilized nations, and almost every principle and feel-

ing of common humanity; a war carried on in fellowship with pirates of Barataria, runaway negroes of the south, and savages from all points of the compass, backed by the scum and offscourings of Europe, and renegadoes from every quarter of the globe, precipitated on our shores to plunder, burn, and destroy.

When we read in the history of the wars of England, of the lofty courtesy of the Black Prince, the chivalrous magnanimity of a Peterborough, and other glorious names, our hearts spring towards the nation which produced such examples of exalted heroism, and we are proud of our affinity. But when again we refer to our own experience of the conduct of that same nation towards ourselves, not only during the last, but most especially in the present contest, our feelings revolt from the connexion. Everywhere England has left the scars of her relentless hostility along our shores. Hardly are the villages of Groton, of Kingston, and Norfolk, risen from the ruins in which they were buried by the same destroying hand, and before we have had time to forget, when the land is again covered with other monuments that keep alive the sentiment of vengeance in the hearts of our people.

Towns that had neither wall nor fortress, nor defence of any kind, are first plundered, and then burnt to the ground; and from the windows of that very room in which our national legislature is now sitting, on one side they behold the ruins of their capitol, on the other, those of the mansion of their first magistrate. They sit legislating among the black remains of those monuments of art that were once the pride of the land, and if their acts should betray a spirit of vengeance against the freebooters who committed this wanton devastation, who shall say they have not ample cause? Scarcely had these monuments of our growing taste risen from the forest by which they were surrounded, when they are levelled to the ground, not by the gradual lapse of time, nor by

the tempest that sweeps away the laboured works of art, nor by the earthquake that swallows them up—nor by an irruption of northern vandals—but by the firebrands of a nation which calls itself the champion of virtue, the bulwark of civilization, and the deliverer of mankind.

Everywhere these mortified islanders, who possess neither the magnanimity to acknowledge their defeats, nor the generosity to admire their conquerors, have revenged the capture of their hitherto invincible ships of war, by the plunder of the defenceless, and returned the liberal courtesy of our gallant commanders, by sinning against every principle of soldierly honour. It is not with any view of adding fuel to fires already, perhaps, unextinguishable, that we have touched on this interesting subject, but to show that if the people of the United States do, in reality, cherish a spirit of hostility to the English government, they are not without ample justification.

In addition to all these outrages, travellers have been sent out to this country who, like Parkinson, were paid by England for the degrading work of collecting materials for misrepresenting our national character and manners. Poor and contemptible Grub street writers have been dressed out as gentlemen, and employed to explore the United States for solitary instances of barbarism, whence to draw general and universal conclusions of national corruption and wide-spread depravity. This was done not more to discourage emigrations from England, than to keep alive that ignorant and vulgar prejudice which exists among those who call themselves the most liberal as well as enlightened among the people of that country. For years she has glutted the markets of Europe with gross and vulgar calum-

nies,* calculated to injure us and our cause in the eyes of the world. A standing army of hired writers, not only in England, but in this country, has been employed in the invention and circulation of libels; and even in newspapers published lately at Paris and Vienna, we have seen abusive articles, which, on the face of them, bore the stamp and impression of English grossness, and English antipathy. She has stigmatized our first magistrate† with the charge

* The English newspapers are filled with paragraphs like the following, which is copied verbatim from *The Sun*, a high ministerial paper.

"Their armies," speaking of the Americans, "of copper captains and Falstaff recruits, defy the pen of satire to paint them worse than they are —worthless, lying, treacherous, false, slanderous, cowardly, and vapouring heroes, with boasting on their loud tongues, and terror in their quaking hearts. Were it not that the course of punishment they are undergoing is necessary to the ends of moral and political justice, we declare before our country that we should feel ashamed of victory over such ignoble foes The quarrel resembles one between a gentleman and a chimney-sweeper—the former may beat the low scoundrel to his heart's contentment, but there is no honour in the exploit, and he is sure to be covered with the soil and dirt of his ignominious antagonist. But necessity will sometimes compel us to descend from our station to chastise a vagabond, and endure the disgrace of a contest in order to repress, by wholesome correction the presumptuous insolence, and mischievous designs, of the basest assailant."

The Sun, Sept. 8, 1814.

Quære? If a gentleman talks in this way in England, how does a chimney-sweeper talk!

† Another of these gentlemanly writers, the editor of the *Times*, indulges himself in the following strain of elegant reprehension, in speaking of the president of the United States:

"Why, what an *ass this fellow* must be, in the very head and front of an address to his deluded countrymen, thus to convict himself of plain and deliberate treason." Again. "To hear him, notorious as he is for lying, for imposture of all kinds, for his barbarous warfare, both in Canada and against the Creek Indians, for every thing, in short, that can debase and degrade a government," &c.

Times, Oct. 20, 1814.

of subserviency to a foreign potentate, and insulted the nation by whom he has been voluntarily chosen, by insolently affecting to make it a condition of peace, that another must be appointed in his place; thus interfering with our freedom of election, and attempting to deprive us of what constitutes the very vitality of our national independence. We know not how this has operated on the public feeling; but this we will say, that if there is any spirit in the people of the United States, there is not a man of them who would turn away a dog that had bitten him, at such a bidding.

The governments of Europe have been impressed, by the influence of England, with a belief that the people here are little better than a sort of semi-barbarians, without any of the refinements of education, and destitute of the common habits of civilization; that society is a mere bear garden, in which men mix and riot together without distinction of rank or character, and that so far from our being on a level with the enlightened populace of Bristol, Birmingham, or London, we hardly deserve the honour of an association with a Calmuck, or a Mandingo.

Such is the rapid sketch of the conduct of England towards a nation which she accuses of ingratitude, because it will not forgive countless injuries; and of disobedience, because it has the spirit to resent them. Is this the way to gain a nation's love? or is it the nature of man, either in the old or the new world, to be conciliated into gratitude by injuries, or coaxed into obedience by the seductive application of reiterated abuse? Even the sons of Saturn rebelled,

The gentlemen who thus elegantly rail at the chimney-sweeper enemy, are so utterly ignorant of even the geography of this country as to talk of the "provinces of New-York, Albany, and Pennsylvania;" thus gratuitously creating Albany a new state. Even Mr. Morse could tell them to the contrary.

when their parent attempted to devour them; and the posterity of Englishmen would dishonour the fame of their mothers, if they submitted to be disgraced even by those who claim the honour of their birth.

These introductory remarks will not be thought misplaced, when it is considered that our object in this undertaking is the examination of an article in which is contained a summary of abuse against the United States, collected from the best sources of calumny, and in which the charge of unprovoked hostility to England is more than once brought forward against the great body of people in this country. We conceived it proper, before we entered upon the subject, to inquire into the grounds on which England claimed from us the exercise of any peculiar good will, or a participation in any extraordinary acts of friendship. It is not because two nations talk the same language, live under similar laws, worship the same Creator, or claim one common parentage, that they must be expected to unite in the bonds of friendship. Such a union springs not from blood, but arises from a mutual interchange of good offices, and a conviction of mutual worth.

Before we proceed to remark on the imputations contained in the article we mean to examine, it may be worth while, perhaps, to initiate some of our remote readers into the nature of the publication in which they are recorded, as well as the name and character of the person who brings them forward. We believe the sphere of the Journal in which they are contained is somewhat limited, and its reputation rather obscure, notwithstanding the great pains taken by certain patriotic booksellers in its circulation.

Among the many improvements in modern literature, we may reckon the establishment of certain journals, whose sole object, professedly, is to instruct the public as to the claims of particular books to its notice or approbation. Among these, one of the most noted is the Quarterly Review, a

work said to be under the patronage of Mr. Canning, a very merry statesman, who wants to be prime minister. Most of the principal articles in it are from the pen of a gentleman, who, having written four epic poems, is, according to the old proverb, entitled to abuse Mr. Barlow, or any other person of his trade.

The primary object of these critical journals was the improvement of public taste; and so long as they continued devoted to this, they were valuable auxiliaries to literature. Though criticism has little kindred with genius, she is a worthy and useful handmaid, who, if she cannot plant flowers, plucks up the weeds that embarrass their growth, or obscure their lustre. As, however, all things are destined, in the progress of time, to improvement, or at least alteration, these journals became perverted from the simplicity of their primitive institution; and it has of late become the fashion for the critic to review a book, not for the purpose of estimating its merits by any just standard of taste, but to make use of it, either as a text for a sermon of his own preaching, or an excuse for hearing himself talk on any subject he pleases.

The present standard of taste for the Quarterly Reviewer is the opinions of his majesty's ministers, who are profound judges of literature, and, consequently, fully qualified for the task of acquittal or condemnation. It is easily to be conceived what benefit literature must derive from the decisions of such dignified, disinterested, and competent judges. If any proof were wanting of its improvement in quality, we might discover it by comparing one of Addison's essays with the article we are about to examine. Should any be required with respect to the increased quantity of authors and books, we shall find, on inquiry, at least five times the number of books published annually, and more than five hundred authors, lifted into reputation; the first of which would never have had being, and the latter never enjoyed their fame, but for the agen-

cy of these useful and charitable institutions. Having let our readers into the nature of the establishment, we will introduce them to the person who, we understand, presides over the court in which this cause has been brought forward. Those who have received an anonymous blow are entitled at least to the gratification of knowing whence it came.

The gentleman is no less a person than the poet laureat of all England. This office was instituted on the abolition of that of king's fool, which had become a sinecure, on account of their majesties' playing it generally themselves. His business is to write every year one ode, in which he must talk about "Britannia," "Neptune's trident," shout like a Stentor, and praise the king most indecently. Should there happen to be a royal death, marriage, or christening, he is obliged to produce something pretty on the occasion, on pain of forfeiting his pay and rations, which consist of a hundred pounds a year, and a butt of sack. This last, ever since the days of Jack Falstaff, has been supposed to exercise a most potent influence over laureats, by "ascending me to the brain," and drying up the vapours. The origin of this office is given in some book to which our memory does not enable us at present to refer.

A peasant of Italy, a mighty silly fellow, who had composed three or four of what he called epic poems, conceiving himself to be a great poet, quitted his usual occupation, and went to Rome. Here he, in some way or other, attracted the notice of Leo the Tenth, who, though head of the apostolic church, was a little inclined to waggery. His holiness, to amuse himself and his court, ordered this poor rogue to recite his verses before them; after which he was placed in a chair of state, solemnly crowned with a wreath of parsley, and proclaimed by sound of trumpet by the title of laureat. If we remember right, this unexpected honour turned "the remainder biscuit of his brain," a catastrophe which we sin-

cerely hope may not befall the present worthy laureat of England.

The poet laureat we have thus taken occasion to introduce to our readers, has but lately adopted the habit of praising, and still succeeds best in the old practice of libelling, for which he was formerly so notorious. He has heretofore attacked both gods above and men below. He has wounded the reputation of his own country in one poem ;* made the mythology of one quarter of the globe cruelly ridiculous in another ;† and in a third,‡ meditated a most serious injury against the reputation of this new world by attributing its discovery and colonization to a little vagabond Welsh prince.

Being foiled, however, in this most insidious attempt against the honour of our country, and the reputation of Columbus in a work of fiction, he has lately come forward in one which we presume he intended should pass for a work of truth, with a general and sweeping attack upon our morals, manners, institutions, government, and religion. The pretext on which this attack is grounded, is as follows:

"A Mr. Macon," as the laureat affects to call one of the oldest and most respectable members of the House of Representatives, last year, brought forward a motion that the President of the United States should be requested to collect such facts concerning the conduct of the British troops in their descents upon our country, as would substantiate the charge of their having carried on the war in a manner not consonant to the usages of civilized nations. This charge had been made and denied, and the object was to ascertain its truth. It was an inquiry which related, not to the general reputation of England, but to her particular conduct in relation to this country, and to that alone it is confined. The result of this inquiry was a mass of facts, most of them sub-

* Joan of Arc. † Curse of Kehama. ‡ Madoc.

stantiated by the oaths of credible persons, that will for ever remain a stain and blot on the reputation of English soldiers, and justify the most lasting hatred of this country. The laureat, without attempting a denial, has taken occasion to revenge this just and well-supported charge by railing in a most passionate manner against the President, and bringing forward a general accusation of ignorance, corruption, and barbarity, against the whole people of the United States.

For the purpose of bringing this tirade under the head of criticism, the writer has denominated it a Review of Inchiquin's Letters; a work which we presume there is no necessity to introduce to our readers; and in order to support his accusation, he resorts to a mode of reasoning, the injustice and absurdity of which we mean most effectually to expose, by retorting it upon himself. His practice is, to take a single fact on the authority of some obscure traveller, sent probably out for the purpose we formerly specified; too insignificant to have merited the honour of a refutation, and whose veracity has never been questioned in this country, either because his name never reached it, or because his falsehoods were so palpable as to supersede the necessity of a denial. From this one particular instance, thus assumed upon the most questionable authority, and forming generally an exception to the state of our manners and morals, he draws conclusions that involve the character of the whole nation. Thus violating every rule of fair logical reasoning, as well as the common and notorious precept of candor, which prevents mankind from involving any society whatever in the transgressions of a single individual.

It is not our intention to enter into a contest with the laureat about the comparative scale of morality and virtue in the United States and England. Disputes on such subjects are always idle, and answer no other purpose but to inflate the one party with empty vanity, and inflame the other to

jealousy and recrimination. We know of no criterion by which to decide such a dispute. The inquiry, even if it could be prosecuted to a satisfactory result, would be too extensive and complicated to repay the labour of research and comparison. It is an inquiry which only omniscience can answer, and that man must be the fool of conceit who should pretend to the task. The utmost that could ever be expected from it, would be to strengthen both nations in a belief of their own superiority; for it is most ridiculously true, that there never yet existed a people, however contemptible, that did not arrogate to themselves an indisputable preëminence over their neighbours. Like the ancient Persians, every nation considers itself as the standard of excellence, and estimates others rather by their resemblance and proximity than by any rational rules of comparison. We consider it, therefore, a most idle question, whether America or England has the superiority in moral, mental, or physical qualifications; because, though in such an inquiry it would be easy to convince those in whose favour the verdict was pronounced, yet we frankly confess we never knew or heard of an instance in which the decision was submitted to by others.

After all, perhaps, the simplest test of national virtue is that which we apply to individuals themselves, namely, that they who make the greatest parade have the most slender pretensions. It will be found that men seldom begin to praise themselves until others begin to doubt. He who knows that he deserves suspicion, will be very apt gratuitously to deny that with which he is not charged, while the man who is satisfied with his innocence, disdains to reply to an imputation which the uniform tenor of his life refutes. It is not until they have lost the noble self respect which springs from the consciousness of virtue, that nations, as well as individuals, begin to boast of what they no longer possess, and trumpet forth their

tions, when their actions can no longer speak for themselves. If this rule should hold good, we are apprehensive it would go rather hard with England; for most assuredly no Pharisee of ancient Jerusalem ever made a greater parade of his virtue, or professed more religion, than has been exhibited by that canting nation ever since it affected to grow pious, in pure spite to the French philosophers.

For the reasons given we will decline an undertaking equally idle as laborious; we will not enter into a contest of vulgar abuse with the great masters of the art who conduct the Quarterly Review; partly, because such a trial would be neither very honourable if we bore the palm, but principally from a sense of our inferiority to the laureat, who, if he finds an equal adversary, must seek him in the purlieus of Billingsgate, or in that last refuge of persecuted patriotism, Newgate. Our object is simply to show that gentleman, that if instances of senatorial indecorum, vulgar immorality, and habitual intoxication, are to be the standard of the public manners and morals, they may be found even in England; and that if one case is to condemn a nation, the claims of his country to either religion, refinement, or morality, will be rather difficult to establish.

If, in attempting this, we should on any occasion be detected in using language which does not comport with that decorum which ought always to be observed both in speech and writing, it must be attributed to the example of the Quarterly Reviewer, operating upon that propensity, to imitate the English writers, with which he has charged us occasionally. It is difficult to expose either ribaldry or misrepresentation, in language altogether exempt from harshness. One thing shall at least be certain, that in whatever garb they are couched, the facts we mean to adduce will be true. They shall not be gathered, like those of our antagonist, from the sweepings and rubbish of literature—from the writings of a

fugitive from justice, or the testimony of a convicted libeller. Neither will we retail the tittle-tattle of gossiping travellers, possessing neither the talent nor the means of acquiring correct information, and without, it would seem, the capacity of speaking, even if they had been able to learn the truth: men, in fact, totally incompetent to the task of drawing any general conclusion from the results of general observation, and who resorted, as a matter of necessity as well as of taste, to the miserable catch-penny trick of retailing newspaper ribaldry, and tavern scandal, for the edification of their readers.

The examples we shall produce will be drawn from the writings of grave magistrates, whose habits and situation gave them the best chance of gaining a practical insight into the public morals; who employed their lives in investigating the state of society in England, and whose veracity has never been called in question. Other facts will be taken from law cases reported in books, referred to in courts of justice; and if, on any occasion, it should happen that we cannot refer to any specific authority, for a particular circumstance, it shall be only where the case is so public and notorious as to preclude the possibility of a doubt. Common fame is decisive as to character at least, and what every body believes is fairly entitled to the honours of truth.

This undertaking is loathsome to our feelings, and nothing but a keen sense of justice could have forced us to the task. To collect materials for a libel upon the human race is a disgusting drudgery, to which no man of common feelings would voluntarily submit. For the credit of that nature of which we all partake, we would wish these mortifying examples of depravity to be buried in eternal oblivion. They make us think less of the dignity of our species; they degrade mankind to the lowest *cast* of beings, and much as we feel it our duty to perform the sacrifice, we

almost shrink from the undertaking. It looks like vindicating our national character at the expense of human nature itself. But let it be kept in mind, that our object is, in reality, to defend the good name of mankind, by exposing that wretched sophistry which reasons away the character of a nation on the authority of an individual crime, and converts a single spot into a deep and universal stain. Perhaps, too, when the abused, calumniated, and down-trodden people of America, see that even in England, whose piety, morality, moderation, and magnanimity, are as much points of faith with her admirers as any of the thirty-nine articles, there occur instances of crime in many of the highest rank, of violations of decency and morality in the lowest, and that modes of vice are there diffused over the whole face of society of which they have never even yet heard the name, perhaps they may be induced to claim their true rank in the scale of nations, and thank their stars for having cast their nativity in this new world.

It may not be amiss, previously to our noticing the charges of the laureat, to examine the witnesses he brings forward to support them. His two principal authorities are William Charles Janson, author of the Stranger in America; and "the man who called himself Peter Porcupine." The former of these writers, being rather an obscure personage, we will introduce most particularly to our readers.

Mr. Janson, or Squire Janson, came to New England several years ago, as he professes in his book, with a design to establish himself in the practice of the law. He tells us that he invested his money in American six per cent stock, by which he lost fifteen per cent. Whether this really happened, as he affirms, by a sudden fall of the stocks, or from his having been taken in by one of the London exchange brokers, is a matter of little consequence at present.

Certain it is, however, that this sudden fall of the six per cents fell heavily upon this unfortunate country. The unlucky squire, who, by his own confession, had acquired the surname of "The Grumbler," on the passage, by grumbling, like a true cockney, at every thing, fell into a violent passion with the government and people of the United States. He never forgave the loss of his fifteen per cent, and his habit of grumbling became still more inveterate.

Not that his ill-humour wanted other provocatives; for it appears that, owing to the wretched stupidity of the people, he was seldom employed in his profession, and gradually fell in debt to these inquisitive folks, who were continually pestering him with inquiries when he was going to pay them. To escape this impertinent curiosity, he determined to travel, and see whether he could not outrun these disagreeable inquisitors. He therefore, without saying a word to any living soul, sat out in a stage-coach for the south. Tradition says that he travelled in great haste, abused the drivers, railed at the laziness of the horses, and the badness of the roads, which, indeed, was somewhat excusable in a man who had such good reason to be in a hurry. It is furthermore said, that he never turned his eye to the right or left, but looked anxiously out at the back of the stage, to the infinite perplexity of his fellow travellers, who, seeing he had no baggage, wondered what could excite his solicitude. In this way he grumbled on from Rhode Island to the city of Charleston, without being pleased, so far as we recollect, with any one circumstance that happened by the way.

It must be apparent to the least reflecting understanding, that a man who travels with the apprehension of a bailiff at his heels, and "doth fear each bush an officer," must have excellent leisure and opportunity for profound observation of the country through which he passes, as well as of diving into the recesses of its manners, habits, and character. Ac-

cordingly, Squire Janson, having triumphantly distanced the "bum bailey," and made good his retreat to England, determined that so much accurate knowledge should not be lost to the world.

He published his book in that golden age of literature, by poets often sung, but never before realized, when that trusty knight, Sir John Carr, had infected all England with a rage for those gossiping travels, of which he was the great original. The public was mad for that miserable tittle-tattle, dignified by the name of travels, and which consisted in the retail of tavern scandal, authentic anecdotes picked up among stage drivers and hostlers, together with a garnishing of the traveller's own teeming invention. At this propitious period Squire Janson published his huge quarto, to which he gave the apt, expressive, popular, and ominous title of the *Stranger* in America.

To those who have met with this work it is unnecessary to observe that its entire character is that of total ignorance of every thing the author attempts to describe, and complete falsehood in almost every thing he says. There is a broad stamp and character of flippant ignorance, and want of fairness about it; a brazen dereliction of even the affectation of candour, as well as an utter destitution of either the talent of observation, or the capacity to communicate its results, that ought to have deterred any reputable writer from the miserable degradation of resorting to its authority. A single fact will be sufficient to illustrate the claims of this fibbing squire to the confidence of his readers.

His work is ornamented with a number of engravings of the public buildings in the city of Philadelphia, to use his own style, "drawn and engraved under the inspection of William Charles Janson, Esquire." On comparing these views with a set of engravings published some years before, by Birch, the most superficial observer will immediately per-

ceive them to be stolen from that artist. The movable and temporary objects are every where the same in both, and, consequently, Mr. Janson has been guilty of a poor and contemptible piracy. For instance, one of Birch's views exhibits the great tree under which Penn concluded his treaty with the Indians, which was blown down anterior to Janson's arrival in Philadelphia. Yet has this fugitive esquire boldly set it up again in his picture, and given us the very identical smoke, to a single curl, that Birch saw there some years before. The coincidence of the smoke, which proceeded from a temporary fire on the sand beach, however remarkable, might possibly be got over; but it is utterly impossible that an artist, however keen might be his vision, could see a tree standing after it had been blown down.

Aware it might appear a little singular that all his views should be sketched in the city of Philadelphia, Mr. Janson, in the true spirit of despicable subterfuge, accounts for this extraordinary and exclusive preference, by coolly observing in his preface, that there was nothing else in the United States worthy of his pencil. The truth is, that there then were no other views of public buildings for this dexterous artist to steal. It is thus that doting imbecility and knavish folly ever seek, but seek in vain, to disguise their petty transgressions. A miserable attempt to impose upon the world by robbing an artist of the credit of his labours, is sought to be disguised by a pretext, the falsehood of which is still more palpable than that which it was intended to disguise. Though no advocates for distinction of rank, especially in the republic of letters, we confess ourselves mortified to be thus called upon to combat with these Sanchos of literature, and are free to confess, that had not Mr. Janson been brought forward as a witness by so renowned a person as the laureat, he might have enjoyed the comforts of oblivion by us unenvied and unmolested.

The next authority on which the laureat relies, is "the man that called himself Peter Porcupine;" a writer who stands a convicted libeller in both hemispheres, and who appears to have laboured, until of late, under a total incapacity to speak the truth except with regard to his own country. A man must be conscious of the weakness of his cause when he submits to subpœna a *witness from Newgate;* and we cannot forbear pitying a laureat, who is not only obliged to compose annual odes in praise of the Regent, but in addition to such a deplorable task, is reduced to the intolerable degradation of resorting to the testimony of one whose authority, if to be relied upon at all, goes to prove that this same Regent, whom he is obliged to praise, is a rake and a debauchee; that the ministers he has stipulated to defend, are unprincipled and incapable; and that the nation he is under the cruel necessity of exalting to the skies, is "a flogged nation."*

If the testimony of a writer is good on one side, so is it on the other; and if Peter Porcupine is authority against the United States, so is he against England. But we decline making use of him. Nothing but a determination to make out a case at all hazards could possibly have induced the laureat to resort to such a suspicious witness; and we cannot but regret that a publication which, for some reason that we know not of, is considered somewhat respectable, should be thus forced to borrow the calumnies of a writer whose accidental truths it has a thousand times denied.

A third authority, occasionally quoted, is Mr. Moore, the writer of naughty songs, whose genius, however perverted, we respect so much, that we are heartily sorry to see him in such bad company. We feel ourselves above reminding this sprite of a man, this little luxurious humming bird of his species, of the liberal confidence and kindness with which he

* Porcupine was put into Newgate for this assertion.

was received into the arms of this country, which often misplaces its admiration, still oftener its attentions. It is sufficient to say that he was so received; that he returned our hospitality by stabbing our reputation for the sake of a joke; and rather than miss a poetical antithesis, resorted to misrepresentation. Admirers as we are of his genius, however it may have been cast away on the island of Circe, and turned into a swine, we cannot forbear lamenting that he should have condescended to minister to the ungenerous antipathies of Englishmen, by tasking his imagination for topics of ridicule, his invention for subjects of abuse, and his powers of observation in scrutinizing only one side of the picture. To these equivocal authorities, if we add the indecent calumnies of a certain class of newspaper writers, who, in their hostility to a particular administration, or antipathy to an individual, do not hesitate to publish falsehoods and misrepresentations that go to injure the vital reputation of their country, we shall then have enumerated all the testimony adduced in support of the charges we have undertaken to examine. These are jumbled together in great confusion; but, so far as they can be classed, may be arranged under the heads of politics, morals, manners, taste, literature, and religion. There are some that do not, perhaps, come under either of these, and are incidentally noticed.

The first object of the laureat's attack is the President of the United States; who very naturally falls under the lash of criticism for having complied with a request of the Legislature, and collected such a mass of testimony against the armies of England and their respectable allies the Indians. Thinking, as we do, that it is very natural for this writer to be a little nettled at so many home truths, we can forgive his insinuation that the President "invented these facts," and most sincerely hope he will, at no distant period, execute his threat of disproving such unpleasant imputations. The

assertion which goes to establish the charge of the President not having met the declarations of the Prince Regent with a corresponding disposition for the adjustment of differences, does, we think, deserve a short examination. We will quote the passage in the Regent's speech from which Mr. S. so confidently infers the desire of peace on the part of England.

"I am, at all times," says his Royal Highness, "ready to enter into discussions with the government of the United States for a conciliatory adjustment of the differences between the two countries, upon principles of perfect reciprocity, not inconsistent with the established maxims of public law, and with the maritime rights of England." "Such a declaration," adds the laureat, "is in itself something more than *magnanimous;* and what a contrast does it furnish to the proceedings of the government to which the olive branch is thus tendered!"

It is unnecessary to remark upon that weakness of reasoning which draws conclusions from the mere commonplace language of an official address, which is just as much a matter of form as the fashion of his royal highness' wig, if he wears any. None but the most simple, or the most desperate, reasoner, ever drew any argument as to the disposition of a ruler, from his public professions; and we defy the laureat to produce to us a single instance of a king at war with his neighbour, who did not on all occasions most zealously protest his willingness, to use the language of the regent, "for a conciliatory adjustment on terms of reciprocity." We might just as reasonably infer the peaceable disposition of a duellist from "your most obedient humble servant," at the bottom of a challenge. Whether there is any peculiar and characteristic purity about the regent, that gives to his assertions any claim to an exemption from ordinary rules, or entitles his royal highness to be believed against the authority of experience, and the testimony of

facts, we forbear to inquire. Were we to take such evidence as the laureat has been compelled to make use of against ourselves, it might possibly be made to appear that this distinguished personage is neither remarkable for his honour or his veracity, and that neither his private or public, his political or religious, engagements are kept with any extraordinary degree of sanctity. Even among his own subjects, who are brought up in a habitual reverence for the authority and person of a monarch, we do not find that his royal highness is considered altogether immaculate; and, were it in our nature to insult fallen greatness, we might record such anecdotes of princely depravity, as would obscure the lustre of royalty, and bring even imperial power into contempt. Neither the dignity of a prince, nor the paraphernalia of a throne, can win respect to the worn-out debauchee, or broken-down voluptuary, who is obliged to stimulate his bed-ridden appetites with the very fatness of adulterous temptation, and force his exhausted nature to the capacity of a momentary enjoyment by the miserable aid of artificial excitement. Such a prince, if such a prince there be, may, perhaps, be praised by the laureat, who, like Hamlet, will take the word of such a shade of "buried majesty," if not for a thousand, at least for a hundred pounds, and a butt of sack; but he will never gain any very extraordinary degree of credence, except among those whose vocation is praising, or who are bound, by their allegiance, to believe against the evidence of their senses. Even the subsidized advocates of royalty, in this country, have given up the hopeless task of propping this portly ruin, and the most persevering panegyrists of British, that is, the regent's, magnanimity, are at last silent, either through shame or conviction.

It would, therefore, be both unnecessary and cruel to push this inquiry, more especially as his royal highness

himself has given us to understand what is meant by "principles of perfect reciprocity." Our government having received other assurances of the friendly disposition of the prince regent, despatched commissioners to conclude an adjustment with those of England. By them it has been ascertained, that mutual reciprocity means the relinquishment of a privilege guarantied by a former treaty; of the right to construct fortifications on our own ground; or build ships of war in our own waters; and the cession of a tract of country larger than Great Britain and Ireland. In short, mutual reciprocity means the total abandonment, on our part, of every right or possession that gives us any superiority on this continent, and, consequently, any security for the peaceable enjoyment of our rights on the ocean. This superiority on the land, it ought never to be forgot, is our sole barrier against the wrongs of England on that element where her numerical superiority is unquestionable. Her care to provide for the future safety of the Canadas shows us where we are to look for security against the abuse of that power, and points them out as a precious trust which we hold to be one day or other forfeited to our use, as a reprisal for the abuse of her naval superiority. But in this intercourse of mutual reciprocity what are we to get in return? Nothing but the liberty of going back into our old situation, to be again insulted, robbed, and circumscribed in the exercise of almost every constituent of national sovereignty. On condition that we make these sacrifices we shall be graciously allowed to be at peace with England. This mutual reciprocity, this new and improved mode of "extending the olive-branch," is a great refinement in bargaining. It reminds us of the exchange of honest Glaucus, who, in token of amity, bestowed upon Diomedes a suit of

golden armour, and got an iron breastplate in return. Or, perhaps, it more nearly approaches the principle of mutual reciprocity acted upon by General Drummond, when he exchanged General Brown's dead aid for his own living one. Assuredly the president of the United States is justly chargeable with inveterate hostility to England, for having refused to be friends upon such nicely balanced terms of mutual reciprocity; and we cannot help confessing that the gentlemen in congress who are for starving him into an acceptance of these conditions are almost as great patriots as Coriolanus, the Constable of Bourbon, or General Moreau.

This admirable and conclusive proof of the anxiety of the regent for peace, is followed up by a summary of American politics, from the presidency of Washington to that of Mr. Madison, of whose talents we have no bad proof, in the vulgar abuse and determined hostility of all the enemies of the United States. Of this most elaborate detail, we shall merely say, that it is principally a repetition of discoloured facts, and false assumptions, taken from Janson, and the opposition newspapers of the times. It contains nothing but general charges, and the only specimen of an attempt to reason exhibits a critical sagacity in the construction of language, which furnishes no bad criterion by which to judge of the usual accuracy of this foolish writer. In one of Inchiquin's letters there is the following exceedingly plain proposition:

"The sovereignty of his country was asserted by his (Washington's) energy, and secured by his moderation." To this, the laureat subjoins—"If by sovereignty, is here meant a firm and efficient executive authority, that he did not secure it was the great error of Washington's government." We believe that none but this sagacious critic ever before mistook so completely the meaning of a few simple words.

The passage quoted from Inchiquin expresses, as clearly as is in the power of language to do, the mere affirmative, that Washington secured the sovereignty of his country, not by giving it an efficient executive, (which of course means a king,) but by investing her with all the attributes of sovereignty, a complete independence of any government but the one she had chosen. The writer who could mistake, or affect to mistake, this plain proposition, which is otherwise not of any importance, must, it is believed, be either troubled with a natural-born stupidity, or blinded by an overweening and disinterested zeal to misrepresent, or, at all events, be impelled by an unconquerable desire to misinterpret, merely for the sake of an excuse for false reasoning.

The next attack is upon our system of representation. "To begin with their legislature," continues Mr. S. "It would be contrary to the true spirit of democracy to consider wealth, talent, or reputation, distinguished probity, or cultivated talents, as exclusive, or even preponderating qualifications, in a candidate for the representation of the people. In America, the 'man of the people' is one who frequents the grog shops, smokes his cigar, and harangues the populace with violent and inflammatory abuse of the hostile faction. The writer who calls himself Peter Porcupine tells us, for instance, of a man who married a free black woman in the West Indies, had several children by her, robbed and left her, went to the United States, married another wife, and with all these blushing honours thick upon him, was elected a member of the senate. But attorneys are the men who mostly succeed in representing these 'virtuous citizens.' There is not a village nor hamlet throughout this extent of country that has not its attorney, and if not, it advertises for one. 'Strife,' says a writer who knew them well, 'is in every village; some pettifogger is sure to put his paw into every man's mess. Every freeman in America, aye, and free women, too, is a ve-

ter, and every one is free who declares himself to be worth fifty pounds: none think of boggling, if required to answer to this qualification; none more expert at an evasion or equivocation, than a citizen of the United States: besides, a man must be of little value if he is not worth fifty pounds; he would fetch that sum as a redemptioner."

We have given this passage at full length, because it furnishes a fair specimen of the writer's general style, his mode of reasoning, and the extent as well as accuracy of his knowledge. He first lays it down as a universal proposition, that "in America, the man of the people is always one who frequents the grog shops, smokes his cigar, and harangues the people with inflammatory abuse of the opposite faction;" and he proves this by a single story of a man who married a black woman in the West Indies, ran away from her, and became a member of the senate, which story is founded on the testimony of a witness from Newgate. Suppose we apply this admirable system of drawing conclusions, to the representation of England. Our proposition would be, that in England it is of little consequence whether a man possesses common talents, or even common honesty, provided he has wealth to purchase a seat in parliament. The representative of the people in that country is one who goes about corrupting the voters by bribes, who gives twenty pounds for a *plumper*, and ten pounds for a single vote. Or he is a man who raises false reports for the purpose of swindling in the stocks, and commits perjuries to escape the consequences of his crime;* or one who forges bills of exchange to raise money, and buy himself a seat in the house.† It would be easy to prove these assertions by testimony somewhat more credible than that of the witness from Newgate. "The writer who calls himself" Espinasse, records the following case which occurred in

* Lord C. † Mr. Welch.

England. It was an action on the statute to prevent bribery at elections.

"On the trial, a witness stated that it had been an old custom in the borough of Heydon, (in Yorkshire,) that every freeman who voted at the election, should receive at the rate of twenty pounds if he voted a *plumper* for all the candidates, and ten pounds for a *split* vote; that he, the witness, had voted for one of the candidates, and after some time had received from his agent ten pounds ten shillings, being ten shillings more than the *regular price.*

"The next witness called was the *Honourable* Christopher Savile, one of the successful candidates. Before he was sworn in chief, Dallas swore him on his voir dire. He asked him if he was not the Christopher Atkinson who had stood in the pillory on a conviction of perjury. He admitted he was."* This trial took place in 1803, and Atkinson, alias Savile, was a member of the last parliament. If we remember right, this gentleman changed his name at the request of a person who having an estate to give away, and being smitten with his promising parliamentary genius, adopted him into his family, on condition of taking the name and arms of Savile. We recollect another circumstance, from which, if we chose to follow the laureat's mode of drawing conclusions, we might infer the fact of universal corruption, not only among the lower orders of people, but the higher also. In a codicil to the will of the late Lord Vernon, which was proved at Doctors' Commons in July, 1813, there is the following bequest: "I do hereby give to my dear son-in-law, the Honourable Edward Harbord, a sum not exceeding five thousand pounds, towards the purchase of a seat in parliament."

Unquestionably these examples furnish quite as good authority in support of our proposition, as those of the laureat

* 5 Espinasse's Reports, p. 92.

do for his, and yet we should despise ourselves most heartily, were we to infer from a few cases that every member of parliament was guilty of perjury, had stood in the pillory, committed swindling and forgery, or changed his name either for an estate, or to bury as far as possible the memory of his crimes. Neither would we take occasion to assert that every voter could be purchased for ten pounds, or that every noble lord set apart in his will a certain sum to be employed in corrupting his fellow creatures. There is something, indeed, in the unfeeling impudence with which this witness proclaimed his infamy, as well as in the simplicity and nonchalance of the noble lord in specifying the particular object of his bequest, that seems to indicate that miserable stage of society in which crimes cease to be infamous from the frequency of their occurence, and men lose that sense of honest shame, which is one of the strongest barriers of virtue. When men acknowledge their transgressions, not from compunction but insensibility, and when noble lords, in what may be considered the most solemn act of their lives, an act which, of necessity, must remind them of that awful tribunal to which all their actions must be submitted, do with their last breath, as it were, make express provision for distributing the wages of corruption; it would be no very unjustifiable conclusion to say that the society in which such examples occur must be tainted to the very vitals. Yet even the high authority of the laureat shall not seduce us into the unfair mode of reasoning he has himself adopted; and we should consider ourselves equally unjustifiable in pronouncing sentence of vulgarity against the whole house of commons, because Jack Fuller insults them with swearing a ribaldry, as in denouncing the whole house of lords, because of the two noble peers who have honoured the United States with their residence, —the one fled his country for bigamy, the other for sodomy.

Thus much with respect to the fairness of this writer's mode of reasoning, from a single fact which is brought for-

ward in such a way as to render it impossible to refute it even were it worth the trouble. A circumstance which takes place in no particular town or district, which is charged upon a man without a name, and which was committed at no time that we know of, may for ever elude the test of inquiry, and baffle the world to demonstrate that it never happened. For this reason it is, that fraud always deals in loose generalities, and in this way does shuffling malignity not only escape detection, but evade the consequences of its falsehoods and misrepresentations.

It sometimes happens, however, that in an evil hour, a writer, in his unwary zeal to criminate or condemn, is betrayed into an assertion that subjects him to the unpleasant consequence of being convicted on the statute. Thus it has happened to the unfortunate laureat, who roundly asserts that "every freewoman in the United States is a voter," an assertion which bespeaks either a total ignorance of the subject on which he ventured to remark, or an uncontrollable propensity to misrepresent. In the state of New-Jersey alone the right of suffrage was formerly extended to unmarried females of the age of twenty-one years, and possessing property to the value of fifty pounds.* Yet the writer who pretends to give a comprehensive analysis of our political institutions and government, is either ignorant that the state of New-Jersey formed an exception to a general rule, or else studiously falsifies his knowledge for the purpose of supporting an argument that is of no consequence whatever to the subject. We have occasionally met with men possessing such a decided vocation to falsehood, that they told untruths for the mere pleasure of the thing; but we have too great a respect for the laureat, to insinuate that he belongs to this disinterested class of dealers in hyperbole.

* This privilege has since been withheld by an act of the Legislature.

It was merely to expose this writer's want of accuracy that we remarked upon the subject at all, for really it does not appear to be a matter of the least consequence to the character of a nation, whether free women vote or not. The fact is one of those which arises from some peculiar or local circumstances, and neither indicates corruption of manners, or an abuse of rational liberty. If it does, however, we can give an instance extracted from a work, which, having been often attributed to the laureat, and never, so far as has come to our knowledge, denied by him, may be fairly charged to his account. Though not exactly a parallel case, it will serve to show that even in England the right of suffrage is not only exercised in fact, but grossly, indecorously, and blasphemously, abused by freewomen. The laureat, speaking in his assumed character, gives the following curious information concerning an election in the ancient and respectable city of Bristol, renowned in early ages for dealing in white, and in latter days for dealing in black slaves.

"In Bristol," observes the writer, "a freeman's daughter conveys the qualification of voting by marriage. Women enter into the heat of party even more eagerly than men; and when the mob is more than usually mischievous, are sure to be at the head of it. In one election for the city of Bristol, which was violently contested, it was common for the same women to marry several men. The mode of divorce was, that as soon as the ceremony was over, and the parties came out of church, they went into the churchyard, shaking hands over a grave, and repeating, "Now death do us part;" after which the bridegroom went to exercise his right of suffrage, and the bride to confer it on other husbands."*

A more bitter mockery of a sacrament; a more wicked insult to the dead; a more wanton violation of principle,

* Espriella's Letters.

feeling, and delicacy, was never ascribed to that sex, which, however it may be libelled, is ever the last in the train of national corruption. When the unmarried daughters of freemen, who, it is presumed, have been brought up in the habits of decorum, thus prostitute themselves to become the instruments of a mere electioneering deception, what must be the standard of morality and decency among the unmannered and ignorant. Such a mockery of a sacred rite involves every characteristic feature of moral depravity, and when the laureat can bring forward its parallel in the elections of this country, let him, if he will, provoke a comparison between the state of society in the United States and England.

As a natural consequence of this extension of the right of suffrage among the people, the writer next infers the ignorance and barbarity of their representatives from the famous story of Matthew Lyon, who, being a "turbulent Irishman," as he truly affirms; and furthermore, as he affirms, not truly, "the representative of a keg of whiskey," every member of the house, according to his improved manner of drawing conclusions, must of course be exactly in the same predicament. That Matthew Lyon was an Irishman we believe is most true; but so is Lord Wellington and Mr. Grattan, one a peer, the other a member of the lower house. No decisive argument against the character of any legislative body can, therefore, be drawn from that fact. That Matthew Lyon fought with "one Roger Griswold," as the writer, with his characteristic and vulgar insolence, affects to call him, is equally true; and so far as this single circumstance can go to justify the general invectives of the laureat, we are willing to give it full weight.

In the course of this most disagreeable undertaking, the necessity of which we deplore, we have had occasion almost at every step to lament the want of authorities to which we might resort for those little domestic facts, that do not gene-

rally become matters of record, are only preserved in the fleeting productions of the times, and escape the research of those who, like ourselves, have but little appetite for national scandal. Unluckily for us, no second Janson, possessing the irritability, without the talent, of Smelfungus; no systematic libeller; no thorough American "Grumbler," stuffed full of ignorance and prejudice, and irritated at the loss of his "fifteen per cent," ever travelled over England with a bailiff at his heels, collecting highway tittle-tattle for the edification of his countrymen. We have, consequently, been obliged to consult grave lawyers, sage magistrates, and antiquarians, "with spectacles on nose," and to trust our heads (being batchelors) in the dangerous precincts of Doctors' Commons, in order to come at authorities. It was, therefore, by the merest accident in the world, that we obtained a record of the following case, which is fairly entitled to a comparison with that of the "valiant Lyon," and which did not occur in the persons of a "turbulent Irishman" and "a representative of whiskey," but in those of a knight of the shire, and an honourable baronet. Whether this valiant knight of the shire was of the order of chivalry, or whether the honourable baronet belonged to that of the "Spinning Jinny," as the "man that called himself Peter Porcupine," ycleps it, we cannot positively say. The account of this desperate engagement is taken from the English newspapers, which are, at least, equal in authority to the gossiping of a fugitive from justice, or a tenant of Newgate.

"Fracas Extraordinary.

"In the committee upon the new postoffice bill, yesterday, a curious fracas took place between a city baronet and a county member, who exchanged inkstands, but fortunately without hurting each other, although with some

annoyance to their neighbours from the contents of these missiles. The committee room was immediately cleared, and considerable discussion took place with a view to adjust the dispute."

Morning Chronicle.

"Another Account."

"An affray took place yesterday in one of the committee rooms of a certain honourable house, between one of the city members, and the representative of a neighbouring county. We are happy to state, however, that no blood was shed, though much ink was spilt on the occasion, in consequence of each discharging a huge leaden stand full of ink at the other; fortunately both shots missed the mark they aimed at; but the havock made among the white and nankeen trowsers of the by-standers is said to have been dreadful beyond example.

"Report says that the inkstand-flinging legislators were Mr. H. S. member for one of the home counties, and Sir J. S.—Mr. S., it is said, had the first fling."

Morning Post.

The reader who will take the trouble to compare these articles with the account of Matthew Lyon's achievement, will perceive little difference between the behaviour of the turbulent Irishman and the elegant city knight, and consequently conclude, with great justice, that if the example of the one disgraces the congress of the United States, that of the other is equally a stain upon the parliament of England.

The next object which falls under the criticism of this very absurd writer is the judiciary of this country, which he abuses with such keenness, that did we not know the laureat was never in the United States, we should be inclined to suspect he had somehow or other fallen under its cognizance.

As usual, he quotes a single anecdote, extracted from a newspaper, and from thence takes occasion to involve the whole bench in the disgrace of the transaction. We have already sufficiently exposed this system of drawing universal conclusions from particular facts, and shall proceed to notice the singular and most exemplary ignorance, as we have already done the want of candour, which characterizes this writer. Speaking of the judges of the United States' courts, he observes, with all the confidence of unconscious ignorance, or unblushing, hardy effrontery, "Being *elected* by the president and the senate, and receiving only an uncertain compensation at stated periods for their services, instead of adequate and permanent salaries, as contended for by Mr. Hamilton, they become in fact the creatures of the president and senate; and the test of their good behaviour is their acting in all political matters conformably with the views of government."

It is a fatality attending this unlucky critic, that he never states a single fact, with regard to our national institutions or laws, which can be fairly brought to the test of positive proof, that is not either in part, or entirely, incorrect. In the first place, the judges are not "elected" by the president and senate; nor do they receive an uncertain compensation at stated periods; neither would their non-compliance with the will of the executive forfeit either their seats, or diminish their emoluments. Their salaries are specified by law, and cannot be diminished, and they can only be displaced by an impeachment carried by the house of representatives up to the senate, two thirds of whom must, on their special oaths, pronounce him guilty, before a hair of his head can be touched. The independence of the judiciary is guarded here in the same manner it is in England, and if any example of that independence is wanting, it may be found in the person of the present chief justice of the United States, a man the power of whose intellect is only to be equalled by the purity of his

heart, and the stately, unyielding uprightness of his judicial conduct.

Having, however, laid down his proposition, the laureat proceeds according to custom. He quotes the witness from Newgate to prove that men are forgotten in our prisons, "and devoured by rats;" and repeats from Parkinson, the tale of farmer Grimes, who shot a man for walking across his plantation, and was acquitted of the murder on the plea of insanity, although Parkinson, who, of course, knew better than judge or jury, assures us that the man was in his sober senses. He then demonstrates the corruption of the *United States' courts*, by the story of a county justice, who took the benefit of the bankrupt law, got a black eye from his wife, stole the cloak of a senator, and then, to cap the whole climax of enormity, went to a presbyterian meeting, and sung psalms with a villanous nasal twang.

In remarking upon such miserable, petty stories, it is difficult to forbear treating the laureat, who has been at the trouble of collecting them, with the same indecent freedom he has used towards our country. There is an unmanly meanness, as well as childish folly, in marshaling such wretched particulars, that forcibly reminds us of the disclosures of a couple of irritated viragos, unloading their memories of the accumulated scandal of years, and tasking their imagination in the invention of new vulgarity.

Having exhausted this curious catalogue of facts, the laureat proceeds to indulge himself in various profound reflections, ending with the sage conclusion, that where judges are not independent, courts of justice will not be respected; that where men are acquitted of murder on the plea of insanity, justice is not well administered; and where folks are eaten by rats in jail, prisons are not only badly regulated, but oppression must be habitually practised. Then, from these simple examples, which, whether true or false, furnish

no just grounds for any general conclusion, he lays it down as a demonstrated fact, that these instances are of frequent occurrence. When Hatfield shot at the king, he was acquitted on the plea of insanity ; but when Bellingham shot at Mr. Perceval, he was condemned, although his whole conduct exhibited symptoms of derangement. Had the United States a poet laureat, he would probably say that the people of England had a much greater regard to the safety of their prime ministers than their kings. When, also, the mob detect a pickpocket, instead of carrying him before a magistrate, they drag him through a horsepond. By parity of reasoning, our laureat might gravely affirm that courts of justice were not respected in that country. So, when Lord George Gordon's mob, in their pious zeal against popery, burnt the library of the protestant Lord Mansfield, a man, who could degrade himself to the level of such reasoning, might say that the people of England despised their judges, and hated books, particularly law books. Yet what writer, who consulted his reputation, would ever make the irregular and accidental enormities of a mob the criterion of public manners and morals ? Even if these solitary examples brought forward against us are true, which, considering the character of the witness on whose testimony they are adopted by the laureat, is exceedingly doubtful, still, we are enabled to state, on the authority of the very same person, that such is the abuse of justice in England, that an innocent man can be made to pay a thousand pounds to the king, and lay in prison two years, only for asserting that England was a "flogged nation." Whether this innocent victim of perverted justice was ever attacked by the rats, in the enjoyment of his otium cum dignitate, we are not enabled to say, but from the descriptions we have of the English prisons, given by a late writer,* it is rather doubtful whether a rat could exist in such miserable abodes.

* Mr. Neild.

For instance, we will give the following extracts from the Edinburgh Review, the most able critical journal of this, or, perhaps, any other period, being unable to quote from the original work of Mr. Neild, which we believe is not in this country—at least we have not been able to procure a copy.

The jail of Dover castle, of which the present prime minister of England is the honorary keeper, or warden, as he is called, is thus described:

"From the court yard the sun and air are almost entirely excluded. A small part only of the court is paved, so that the ground is damp, and the place unhealthy. The putrid vegetables, dirt and ashes of the prison are constantly thrown into the court, where they form an offensive dunghill. The rooms are without grates, a want which is severely felt in that bleak situation. Neither mops, pails, brooms, fire, nor candle, are allowed; and the prisoners themselves are obliged to pay a woman for washing their rooms."

Here follows a picture of Borough Compter, a London prison, given in a letter from Mr. Neild, another benevolent Howard, to the lord mayor of London, who paid it not the least attention.

"Men and women debtors have nothing but dirty boards to sleep upon. No bedding or even straw allowed. No fire even in the cold damp season. No medical assistance in sickness. Neither mops, brooms, or pails, are allowed to keep the prison clean. Soap and towels are not afforded to the prisoners; so that a man, for a debt of one guinea, may remain in this wretched place forty days, without once taking off his clothes or washing his face.

Again: "A great nobleman of eminent public spirit, has probably never heard that in Alnwick, the very town that is honoured hy his princely residence, there is a house of correction where a poor young fellow who is not worth half a crown, and who has had the misfortune to be committed for a

drunken frolick, may remain imprisoned *for life*, from his inability to pay thirteen shillings and four pence, for a fee to the jailer."*

Not only the comforts, but the morals of the prisoners, in these and hundreds of similar establishments, as affirmed by Mr. Neild, who inspected them all, are entirely neglected. He gives a variety of facts to prove the total want of every regulation to prevent the contagion of vice. Of one prison he says, "that no employment is *permitted* in it." Of another, "that every prisoner can have as much drink as he can pay for;" that "an attendance at divine service is not permitted to felons;" and "that debtors and felons without distinction mix promiscuously together of a morning." He mentions also a particular jail that had "only been whitewashed once in twenty years."

"But even the Tolbooth," remarks the Edinburgh Review, "in the state in which Mr. Neild saw it, is fully as good, and as well managed, as many other jails, particularly town jails both in England and Scotland. It is not idler than Birmingham-court prison for debtors, where the keeper becomes liable for debt and costs of any prisoner whom he allows to work. It is not half so wretched as the Borough Compter of Southwick, which has Sir Watkin Lewes for its keeper, and is under the lord mayor and aldermen of London; and we assure the magistrates of the city of Canterbury, the Metropolitan See of England, if they do not make an immediate reform in their city jail we shall fall upon some way of informing the archbishop, that it is one of the filthiest, idlest, worst regulated, most wretched prisons in the whole island."†

* Edin. Review for January, 1814

† Id. ibid.

Here let this portion of our subject rest for ever, if it should so please the laureat. We are not yet reduced to the last wretched resource of misery, nor driven to find consolation in the superior misfortunes of our fellow creatures. The people of the United States are content with the comforts they enjoy, and we trust do not require a foil to set off their own happiness.

Having despatched, in this summary manner, the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of our government, the laureat proceeds to attack our general system of toleration, as leading to a thousand extravagancies of opinion, and ultimately to a total indifference to gospel truths. "It is almost needless to add," he observes, "that this divorce (of church and state) has been productive of a pretty numerous crop of illegitimate sects, all equally thriving under the salutary and fostering neglect of the parent state. To recount them would be endless; Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, Moravians, Quakers, Dunkers, and Shakers, with a multitude of others whose names it would be as unprofitable to enumerate, as it would be difficult to assign their characteristic differences of doctrine or belief, exhibit altogether as satisfactory a view as can be desired of the fanatical extravagance to which the bulk of mankind would be driven by the raptures of visionaries, or the arts of impostors, or by the mere necessity and craving of the human mind for some intercourse with its Creator, in the absence of a national church and an established worship."

We should be better disposed to assent to the argument contained in this extract, were not the reasoning contradicted by the simple fact, that in England, where there is "a national church and an established worship," a greater diversity of religious sects is to be found than in the United States, where nothing of that nature exists. We are sorry to quote the authority of a writer against his own assertions,

inasmuch as it seems like wounding the eagle with an arrow feathered from his own wing. But this is a catastrophe which often befalls men who change their opinions from motives of interest, or convenience, or even a sense of conviction. In the work from which we formerly extracted, we find the following copious list of the different religious sects which had sprung up in England under the fostering patronage, not of universal toleration, but of a national church, and an established religion.

"Arminians, Socinians, Baxterians, New Americans, Sabellians, Lutherans, Moravians, Swedenborgians, Athanasians, Episcopalians, Arians, Sabbatarians, Trinitarians, Unitarians, Millenarians, Necessarians, Sublapsarians, Supralapsarians, Antinomians, Hutchinsonians, Sandemanians, Muggletonians, Baptists, Anabaptists, Pædobaptists, Methodists, Papists, Universalists, Calvinists, Materialists, Destructionists, Brownists, Independents, Protestants, Hugonots, Nonjurors, Seceders, Hernhutters, Dunkers, Jumpers, Shakers, and Quakers." "A precious nomenclature," observes the laureat, "only to be paralleled by the catalogue of the Philistines, in Sanson Nazareno; or the muster roll of Anna de Santiago, under Aquias, Brum, and Acatu, lieutenant generals to Lucifer himself."*

It would seem, from this extraordinary catalogue of religious sects, that we must look to some other cause than mere toleration for the source of that diversity of opinion which prevails in the United States. If under the salutary restraints of an established church, holding forth in one hand rich bishoprics, fat stalls, and comfortable deaneries, and the full exercise of civil rights, and in the other brandishing tests and disqualifications, such a vast variety of sects have taken root in England, it must be obvious to the most superficial

* Espriella.

reasoner, that this latitude of opinion is not to be attributed to what the writer is pleased to call the divorce of church and state. What the real causes of these divisions in the church are, we do not feel ourselves inclined to inquire, because our object is already attained, in having refuted the position, that a unity of belief in religious matters depends upon the establishment of a national church.

That such a union in mere points of ceremony, is a matter of very great consequence to the enlarged and universal interests of religion, seems to be a position difficult to establish. So long as mankind agree in the belief of the fundamental principles of the christian faith, a difference in ceremonials appears to be of no very great consequence either to their present or future state, provided they possess the virtue of charity. We do not mean that which consists in merely relieving the necessities of our fellow creatures, but that charity, which is said to be even greater than faith; which prompts us to deal gently towards those who differ with us in opinion, to pity them if they are wrong, and refrain from persecuting them for those speculative doctrines which, having no natural approximation either to virtue or vice, require not to be lacerated by the scourge, or purified at the stake.

It has, unhappily we believe for the interests of true piety, become of late the practice of certain political writers in England, to associate religion in almost every inquiry, whatever may be its nature. The author of the abusive article now under consideration, having followed the fashion, and mixed eternal truths with temporal falsehoods, we were obliged, contrary to our feelings, to repel his charges here as elsewhere. But we cannot forbear expressing a belief that this practice of combining religion and politics for ever together, is injurious to the interests of the former. Religion is like the white flake of driven snow, descending untouched from the skies, and cannot come in contact with any earthly

matter without being soiled and polluted. It communicates directly from the universal intelligence to the intelligence of man, and requires not the intervention of mortal institutions to implant or foster it in his bosom. It is degraded by being associated in the paltry struggle of ambition; and to place its fate upon the decision of a battle, or the existence of any worldly establishments, is to impeach the divinity of its origin.

This extreme anxiety in the English politicians to connect the interests of church and state, indicates pretty clearly, we think, that the latter wants a little propping to prevent its fall. Finding their political system no longer able to stand alone, they have cunningly endeavoured to sustain it by establishing a family alliance, and connecting its interests inseparably with those of religion, nay, making the latter entirely dependent on the former. Connected they may indeed be, but to say that the existence of the true religion depends on political institutions, is to affirm that the oak is sustained by the ivy which entwines about its self-supported trunk.

The next objects of the belligerent laureat, who carries on his literary warfare like the indian allies of his government, without sparing either men, women, or children, are the morals and manners of the people of the United States. We cannot submit to the tedious and ignominious task of particularizing, one by one, the vulgar calumnies he has collected under these heads, for the purpose of proving us a nation of swindlers and barbarians. The magistrate, the merchant, the farmer, and the tavern keeper, are in turn the victims of his wrath, and from the native of New-England to the planter of the south, no class of people is exempt from the lash of this terrible castigator. His industry in the collection of every stale, obscure, and exploded calumny of the last thirty years, exceeds that of the most minute antiquarian in deciphering some worthless legend. No idle village matron,

whose sole employment is to overlook the concerns of her neighbours, and collect anecdotes for her next tea drinking, ever displayed such store of kitchen and tavern scandal, as this unfortunate laureat—unfortunate in being obliged, by the tenure of his contract, to undertake such a paltry business for the gratification of his employers. We will only select a few of the most prominent anecdotes, with our usual purpose of showing to what miserable straits he is reduced in order to make out his charges.

He tells us first the story of Squire Janson, who, it seems, in his famous retreat from New-England, dined with several planters; at the table of one of whom he was waited upon by a wench in a state of "perfect nudity," though a number of young ladies were present. That Janson ever dined with a southern planter we doubt most vehemently. Hospitable, liberal, and warm-hearted as is this class of country gentlemen, and open as are their doors to the traveller and stranger, a man must be himself a gentleman who is invited to sit down at table with their wives and daughters. We cannot help, therefore, suspecting that Squire Janson, in his hasty peregrination through the southern states, did not keep an accurate journal, and by mistake put down the planter's hall instead of his kitchen. Indeed, from the general examples of men and manners given by this unlucky fugitive, we are led to believe that he did not keep the very best company in this country. His standard seems to be the manners of the kitchen, the bar, and the stable, and if he ever by chance soared into a gentleman's parlour, he either was too much out of his sphere to be at ease for observation, or was incapable of describing what he saw on account of its novelty. He seems to have been like an honest clown we once knew for the first time introduced into a parlour, and who, on being asked to tell how the lady of the house behaved, con-

fessed that he was so much occupied with the fear of soiling the carpet he hardly had time to look at madam.

We know not whether any such outrage upon decency as that related by Mr. Janson was ever exhibited in the house or kitchen of any respectable planter; and it is impossible to disprove a charge of this nature, because neither the name of the person, nor the place of his residence, is specified. In such a case, nothing is left but an appeal to the general state of manners among that class of people to whom this violation of decorum is attributed. If, in resorting to this criterion, it should be found that the practices imputed to them are in direct contradiction to the usual tone of their habits, and entirely abhorrent to those feelings which nature and education have implanted, one of two conclusions must result; either that the circumstance on which this general charge is founded, was a solitary example, which, instead of indicating, formed an exception to the general state of manners, or that it is an invention of the relater. Where the answer is so obvious to every man whose experience qualifies him to decide, it is scarcely worth while to ask the question. Every person who has been in the habit of associating with the people of the south, or who knows the relations subsisting between a father and his daughters, a master and his slaves, in that portion of the United States, must be satisfied that the story of Mr. Janson, if true, is a solitary instance, standing alone, and without a parallel.

Next in order, is the propensity of the people of New England to ask questions when they encounter a stranger, which practice, together with their custom of "guessing," and "reckoning," is exceedingly offensive to the laureat. That this is a sore grievance to travellers, who, like Squire Janson, travel incognito, we are willing to allow; and if the habit could be put down without another revolution, we should be happy to see it supplanted by a better. But peo-

ple must have habits as well as garments, and it is unwise to throw off one that is not absolutely bad, at the risk of putting on a worse. This mode of asking questions, though troublesome to a stranger, is one of the means by which men who have little leisure to read acquire knowledge; and so long as a man confines himself to inquiries that are not impertinent, it is not only ill-natured, but unjust, to deny him a participation of that information which he has no other means of acquiring. A traveller goes into the shop of a mechanic, inquires into the secrets of his calling, and receives a civil answer; by the rule which his royal highness is pleased to call "mutual reciprocity," if the mechanic should inquire of the traveller what is going on in a country from whence he has just arrived, he is bound to give him a civil answer in return. We think, then, that this begging for information, of which the writer so bitterly complains, is, on the whole, preferable to the London practice of surrounding a stranger for the purpose of begging for money; and that it is better for an honest man, at least, to be on his guard against indiscreet questions than against bad shillings and jostling rogues, who, after throwing him down, not only pick him up, but pick his pocket into the bargain.

The indefatigable laureat next proceeds to denounce the familiarity of the publicans and sinners of this new world, of whom he affirms, on the authority of poor Janson, that it is customary for them to sit down, uninvited, to pick a bit with their guest, and, what is egregiously impudent, "take care to seize the best bit first." In addition to this, "he is favoured with the company of mine hostess and her dirty children, with whom he is often obliged to scramble for a plate, and perhaps, too, with that of the servants of the inn; for liberty and equality level all ranks upon the road, from the host to the hostler."

It is worthy of special remark, that the information of al-

most all the English travellers in this country is confined to stages and inns. They are continually railing, like true John Bulls, at landlords, horses, waiters, and drivers, and seem to have no other criterion of manners, of life, or of the comforts of the country, than the attendance and bill of fare at a tavern. Neither the soil, its productions, its advantages, or disadvantages, nor any of those subjects which occupy the attention of liberal, enlightened, and scientific travellers, excite their curiosity, or merit investigation. They seem to think that all America can be seen through the curtains of a stage coach; that every species of information is to be gathered along the road side; and remind us of the naturalist who fancied that he had thoroughly investigated the nature and properties of the tortoise by counting the spots on his outside shell. Not one of them, so far as we recollect, has ever attempted to describe the interior of a gentleman's establishment, from which unaccountable omission we are strongly inclined to suspect that this was a *sanctum sanctorum* to which they were seldom admitted, either from having lost their letters of introduction, or that their singular modesty or prudence induced them to prefer travelling *incog.* like William Charles Janson, Esq.

It is this fugitive esquire who is most loud in his complaints of the insolence of landlords and stage drivers; and we cannot deny that he has just cause to bluster a little on this head, as it is a well-known fact that he was twice horsewhipped in his famous retreat for his grumbling and impertinence: once by a New England stage driver, at Hartford, and a second time by a stout landlady, at Fredericksburg in Virginia. Here, then, at least, the poor gentleman, who, we dare say, carries the marks of this unmannerly and low-bred insolence to this day, may be allowed to grumble a little; for it would be too hard to prevent a man who has not spirit to

resent a personal chastisement, from revenging himself afterwards by railing.

Whenever an Englishman, in describing the manners of his countrymen, encounters any trait of brutality or insolence in the common people, he turns it into a compliment, by tracing it to the freedom of the British constitution. So far from finding fault with their pertinacious obstinacy, in refusing to become instruments in blazoning the vices of their countrymen, we admire and mean to imitate them. The man who blazons the faults, or the inferiority, of his native country, or proclaims them to strangers, may get credit for his candour; but, we are free to confess, we would never choose him for a friend, or trust him with our confidence. He resembles too much the obscene and infamous bird that befouls the nest in which it was born and nurtured.

We will therefore proceed to trace, as can be clearly done, this alleged insolence, or familiarity of our country landlords, to whom the charge alone applies, to their independence of the favours of travellers, which gives them such a perfect contrast to the fawning English publican, whose disrespect to the poor pedestrian is only to be equalled by his cringing servility to horses and grooms.

With very few exceptions, the country inn is the farmhouse of a yeoman, who, possessing one, two, or three hundred acres of land in fee-simple, is altogether independent of his business of tavern keeping, and considers himself, with good reason, as equal to most of his guests, in mind, manners, and wealth. His entertaining of travellers is a matter of convenience, or of public utility, or it arises from the mere circumstance of his house being situated on the road at a proper distance for a place of baiting or refreshment. The accommodation of travellers requires such an establishment, but his tavern is entirely subordinate to his farm, and, as a natural consequence, he pays more attention to one than the other.

Hence, if, on the arrival of a guest, his servants, who are his field labourers, are employed about the farm, and it is not convenient to give the stranger a separate dinner, he may partake of that meal with the farmer, his wife, children, and labourers, who are generally his own sons and grandsons. On such occasions it may sometimes happen, to a man who, like Squire Janson, grumbles at every thing, that the farmer and his family, tired, disgusted, and irritated at his peevish impertinence, his prating about the superiority of English inns, and complaints of every thing, may treat him with little ceremony, and perhaps chastise him, as happened to our doughty and misadventurous squire. Neither his money, his dress, nor his equipage, should he travel with one, nor his airs of superiority, will procure him one of those hearty smiles of welcome from the good matron, or one of those willing attentions from her household, that are bestowed spontaneously on the poorest trudging pedestrian, who is content with the comforts of a farmer's fireside. Such are the real causes of the complaints of these upstart travellers, whose propensity to grumbling is so notorious, that one of the great indications by which our country people detect an Englishman, is his finding fault with every thing he eats and drinks, as well as every accommodation he receives at an inn.

The reviewer next proceeds to quarrel with various matters that arise from the peculiar state of our country. There is a period in the progress of nations, when their population is so thinly scattered, as to render it necessary for every man to be a sort of universal genius, because, where men cannot subsist by one single occupation, no one will confine himself to that alone. In a new country like ours, it is not necessary, nor perhaps possible, to keep the different professions of life distinct from each other. Where there is not sufficient demand for the employment of regular tradesmen,

every man must work for himself; and become his own blacksmith, wheelwright, and carpenter, while his wife officiates as the family tailor. So, also, where there is no particular necessity to keep up a standing army, as was supposed to be the case in the United States, every man becomes his own soldier, serving voluntarily in time of peace, without making, or ever thinking of making, arms a profession. From this peculiarity of situation arose the fact which is quoted from Porcupine by the laureat; namely, that "the colonel of his regiment of militia was a tailor, and made clothes for his clerk." Where war is not a trade, and the soldier turns out five or six times a year, without pay, while the officer anticipates little distinction, (for it is only in times of danger that military men are properly appreciated,) it often happens that, in the regular course of promotion, men become colonels and generals, whose habits are altogether distinct from those of a soldier.

We mean not this either as an excuse or apology for a tailor's becoming a colonel, but simply to show how naturally such a phenomenon arises out of the state of the country. There is no doubt that the fact of Porcupine's colonel may be true. It is also equally true, that among the late French generals who have distinguished themselves by conquering the better part of Europe, there were several honest tradesmen of various denominations. And yet how these ill-bred and ignoble plebeians beat, bruised, and discomfited some of the best-born and best-bred kings, princes, and noblemen in all christendom. His grace of York was obliged to run before these low-born fellows in Holland. His majesty of Prussia found it necessary to conciliate them at the price of the greater half of his kingdom; and his imperial majesty of Germany paid them the compliment of resigning the possession of his capital to them. It was not until the tailors, and shoemakers, and weavers, and peasants, of these two

countries arose in their might to protect their masters, that these lordly and well-bred princes, who were born field-marshals at least, were rescued from the power of those inglorious mechanics. It is apparent, then, that there is nothing but a musty old proverb to debar a tailor from being as valiant as Scanderbeg, or Richard Cœur de Lion himself. Neither does it appear altogether certain, that a tailor may not possibly be as respectable an officer as the high-bred Col. O'Kelly, who was tried and broke by an English court martial for embezzling the coals of his regiment; or even as the gallant Admiral Bradley,* who was lately sentenced to transportation for life for the crime of forgery. Nay, we question whether an honest mechanic is not quite as likely to make a brave and honourable officer, as a nobleman's pimp, a *protegé* of some liquorish dowager of quality, or a miserable cringing sycophant, who submits to the degradation of soliciting or bribing Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke to use her influence with her noble paramour and right royal field marshal.

In this general summary of national scandal, the laureat, of course, would not omit the charge of excessive indulgence in the use of spirituous liquors, which has often been imputed by English travellers to the people of this country. Not content with applying the charge generally to men, he quotes Janson to prove that it is common to chil-

* We notice, in the New Monthly Magazine for Sept. 1814, among the criminals convicted at the late assizes, where English morality always appears in its greatest lustre, the following:

"At the late Winchester assizes Admiral Bradley, of the royal navy, was found guilty of defrauding the postmaster at Gosport of 8*l.* 8*s.* 6*p.*" In some of the English papers his crime is stated to have been connected with *forgery*; and it is furthermore added, that he has been graciously pardoned by the Regent. Whether the admiral wrote any of those accounts which have lately been published in England, of the naval engagements between the United States' vessels and theirs, we cannot positively affirm, but there are strong appearances to indicate that he had a hand in most of them.

dren. "Often," says Janson, "have I seen boys whose dress indicated *wealthy parents*, intoxicated, shouting and swearing in the public streets."

It is barely possible that this writer may, on some extraordinary occasion, have seen boys shouting and swearing in the public streets. Their dress, also, may have indicated, to one whose perception was limited to the miserable rags that cover the poor of England, that they belonged to wealthy parents. But that such a spectacle is common among any class of boys, or was ever exhibited by the children of wealthy, or even reputable parents, is a direct and wilful slander.

Neither reputable men, nor their sons, are seen in such situations, without losing their respectability in the society to which they belong, just as it is lost by any other act of public indecorum.

As England, however, is held up by the Quarterly Review as the standard of morals as well as manners, if we can show that this vitious habit is even more widely diffused among the people of that country than among those of the United States, we shall have done all that can be expected for poor human nature. It seems to be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that mankind is destined to gain no greater elevation, either of virtue or talent, than in that happy country, happy in a self conceit that supplies the place of a more substantial bliss, and makes amends for what it wants, by boasting of what it does not possess.

"Your Englishmen," as honest Iago affirms, "are most potent at the pot." From the earliest times they were noted for their love of fermented liquors, as appears on the authority of Solinus, who wrote somewhat less than a century after the commencement of the christian era, and who records that they had even then invented an intoxicating beverage unknown to the people of the continent. This liquor was

called *Cwrw*, a name, it would seem, utterly impossible to be either conceived or pronounced by a sober people.

All the writers who have inquired into the progressive stages of vice and immorality in England, complain, without exception, of the extent of this practice of drinking; but, according to their usual dexterous mode of defence, lay the blame on the Danes and Saxons who conquered the country. The authority of Solinus unluckily proves, however, that the habit had taken root anterior to that time.

Mr. Strutt, a writer of credit, tells us, on the authority of William of Malmsbury, and Bartholinus, that the English used to spend whole nights in drinking without intermission, and that it was usual with them, in their religious festivals, to drink immense draughts in honour of the apostles and saints. Such, indeed, was the extent of this vice, even at this early period, that king Edgar, in order to prevent any one from drinking more than his share, enacted a special statute, that "knobs or pegs" should be placed at proper distances in each drinking cup, and whoever drank beyond these knobs suffered a severe penalty.

Tracing this habit in its progress to the present times, we find that as early as the reign of Henry the Third it had become an object with government to establish an excise. We discover, also, in the records of parliamentary proceedings, an infinite number of statutes filled with complaints and remedies against the growing practice of drinking intoxicating liquors. In one we are told, "the multitude and abuses of ale-houses had become intolerable, and still do and are likely to increase." In another it is set forth, that, "whereas the loathsome and odious sin of drunkenness is of late grown into *common use* within these realms, being the root and foundation of many enormous sins, as blood shedding, stabbing, murder, swearing, &c. to the great dishonour of God and our nation," &c. Penalties of the most

rigid nature have from time to time been denounced against this practice; yet still it appears, by the concurring testimony of all the writers on this subject, as well as from the multiplication of statutes under this head, that it has progressively increased down to the present time.

The author of a History of the English Poor,* an intelligent justice of the peace, a member of the Society of Antiquarians, and a most industrious as well as candid inquirer, in one of his letters, refers to a statement presented to the house of commons, in which the excise is estimated at five millions, two hundred and nineteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty-one pounds sterling. This sum, it was computed, was paid on liquors consumed by 8,500,000 people, that is to say, at the rate of twelve shillings sterling per annum a head. From satisfactory data, he supposes the number of labouring people, men, women, and children, in England is 6,250,000, and that the amount of their expenditure in liquors, exclusive of the vast quantities smuggled, was, at least, nineteen millions of pounds sterling! Another writer, whose means of information were undoubted, and whose authority is unquestionable, gives the following picture, as one which it is common to see exhibited in England.

"The period," says he, "is not too remote to be remembered, when it was thought a disgrace to a woman (except on holiday occasions) to be seen in the tap-room of a public house. But of late years obloquy has lost its effect, and the public tap-rooms of many ale-houses are filled with men, *women, and children*, on all occasions, where the wages of labour are too often exchanged for indulgences ruinous to health, and where lessons of profligacy are im-

* Thomas Ruggles, F. S. A.

bibed totally destructive of the morals of adults, as well as of the rising generation."*

The writers of a country in which such a state of manners exists should be careful of assuming any superiority over their neighbours, or charging them with vices of which itself exhibits the most gross and disgusting examples. They should recollect, that those who throw the first stone ought to have pure hands and unsullied consciences; and that the parent who upbraids the child for walking in his footsteps, is only calling down disgrace and recrimination on his own gray hairs. We have produced ample authorities to prove the deplorable extent of this practice of drinking in England, and, if any further example should be wanting, it may be found in the person of our laureat himself, who has sacrificed all the opinions and sentiments he formerly cherished, to the irresistible fascination of a butt of sack, and taken to tippling and scandalizing his neighbours most outrageously.

Another and a most serious charge is made by the Quarterly Review, involving the reputation of that sex which, we should suppose, none but a worthless recreant, whose crimes had banished him the society of virtue, would insult by a general imputation of a want of respect for the marriage vow. This charge is introduced by an advertisement of "my wife Betsey" by "one John Bolton," and is supported entirely on the authority of a most ingenious, as well as satisfactory, calculation of the witness from Newgate. "I once," says this libeller of both worlds, "cut out of all the newspapers we received for one month, the advertisements of all the runaway wives, and pasted them on a slip of paper, close under each other. At the end of a month the slip reached from the ceiling to the floor of a room more

* Colquhoun's Police of London.

than ten feet high, and contained one hundred and twenty-three advertisements. We did not receive, at most, more than one twentieth part of the newspapers of the United States. If a calculation be made from these facts, it will be found that there were about twenty-five thousand separations and elopements in a year; a calculation which I am certain is far within bounds." Was ever the reputation of womankind subjected to the criterion of such a calculation? It reminds us, by an irresistible association, of that ingenious problem proposed by honest Jack to ascertain the value of a cart load of turnips by the price of a pound of butter. The premises of the witness from Newgate are pretty much of the same kind, and we have no doubt that his conclusion is of equal accuracy with that which would have been the result of our honest tar's mode of comparison. There is something so grossly ludicrous, such a broad and vulgar grin on the face of it, that we cannot prevail on ourselves to treat it seriously. For the amusement of our readers we will try what would be the result of such a calculation as it respects England.

From the records of Westminster-hall, and the periodical works, newspapers, &c. published in England within a single year, we have been able to collect fifty-two cases of what used to be politely termed in former times a *tête-à-tête*, eighteen of which were of titled ladies; sixty-eight elopements, and thirty-nine instances of wives exposed to public sale, like cattle at Smithfield.* We are well assured that of the

* Here follows an account of the manner in which these sales are performed, extracted from a late British publication:

"Shropshire. The town of Ludlow lately witnessed one of those scenes *to which custom has attached the character of lawful transactions in the minds of the lower class.* A well-looking woman, wife of John Hall, to whom she had been married only one month, was brought by him in a halter, and sold by auction in the market for two-and-sixpence, with the addition of six-

law cases, we saw not (being no lawyers) one in twenty; of the periodical works, not one in five hundred; and of the newspapers, not one in five thousand. Now, if the calculation be made from these premises, it will incontrovertibly appear, that at least eight hundred and eighty thousand women in England are divorced, run away, or are sold by their husbands at public auction! Admitting there are one million of married females in that country, it will result that rather more than eight tenths are in one or other of these predicaments; a calculation, we think, very much within bounds! We beg forgiveness of that sex whom it is in our nature to reverence and admire, for the levity with which we have treated this subject. But there are propositions so absurd, that they can only be exposed by others still more extravagant; and imputations that men would only render their characters questionable by condescending to refute.

The angry and abusive laureat next proceeds to assert, that of taste, the people of this country have very little; of manners, not much; of literature, still less; and of genius, none at all. Franklin not only acquired his knowledge, but some way or other picked up his genius, in England; Rittenhouse was a tolerable measurer of land; and General Washington "an honest man!" Let us see what we can make of all this miserable verbiage.

By taste seems to be here meant, not only the power of forming a proper estimate of works of literature, but also our pursuits, when disengaged from business, we are at liberty to consult our inclinations in the choice either of employment or amusement. And first, with respect to our taste for works of literature. The laureat affirms, rather ironically,

pence for the rope with which she was led. In this sale the customary market fees were charged—toll, one penny; pitching, threepence."

New Monthly Magazine, for Sept. 1814.

that the love of literature is gaining ground in the United States, because a man happens to advertise a stolen book; in the same way that we might infer the piety of the English nation from the well-known anecdote of the lady who, from pure love of religion, stole Tillotson's sermons from a friend. After this witticism, for which, as being the only one in the whole article, we give him great credit, the laureat proceeds to state that Shakspeare is much too monarchical, and too English, to please us. "His historical plays have, therefore," he affirms, "been given up as unfit for the American stage." It is altogether unnecessary to disprove what every body knows to be an untruth. The fame of Shakspeare, whatever this ignorant and uncandid writer may say, is as pure and as bright in this country as in England; his name is as familiar, and almost as dear, to every American reader, as to his own countrymen; and his historical plays are among those most frequently represented on all our stages. The editions of his works in the United States are almost as numerous, within a given period, as they are in England; and should the name of this illustrious and incomparable bard, peradventure, be buried under the increasing rubbish of notes, commentaries, and new readings; or trodden under foot by light-heeled pantomime, mixed melo drame, and nursery tales, it will still survive in this western world, and be visible, like the setting sun, long after it has disappeared in the east.

The same remarks may be extended to other English writers of celebrated name, whose beauties are here as thoroughly estimated as by the same class of readers in that country. True it is, we have few or none of those little Blue Stocking Clubs, or Litchfield, or Della Cruscan coteries, where literary ladies, and superannuated beaux, meet together to drink tea, or swallow gas, to praise each other, to fall asleep at the reading of a new poem, and to wither

with spleen, ennui, or envy of each other's fancied importance in the world. We have not, perhaps, arrived at what may be called the manhood of a literary taste, neither have we entirely passed it, and declined into the hopeless and irremediable weakness and frivolity of second childhood, as we apprehend is the case with some nations, whose exertions not unfrequently indicate rather a convulsion of expiring genius than the exercise of a wholesome and vigorous mind. We have not yet attained, and long indeed be it before we attain that piquant and refined gusto which insures a certain profit to a bookseller who publishes nauseous and disgusting letters of intrigue, which throw an indelible stain over the reputation of a gallant hero,* whose ashes are raked up, his very bones disturbed, and his glory obscured, to minister to the perverted taste of the nation on whose name he has conferred everlasting renown.

Unhappily, too, for the interests of elegant literature, we possess no D'Israeli† to pamper the liberal curiosity of the world, and glut its appetite for scandal, by laying open with his butcher's cleaver, the weaknesses, the irritability, and the jealousies of those whose frailties ought, for the welfare, as well as the honour, of our nature, to be buried in oblivion. If men of genius are jealous sometimes of the reputation of each other, it is because they value fame above all other acquisitions. It is a noble selfishness, which proceeds from a wish to monopolize as much as possible of that which is the object and end of their immortal labours. They expect little other advantage from their exertions, and of the only remuneration they anticipate, it is natural they should be jealous. But the contests of authors proceed, not in re-

* Alluding to the letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, lately published.

† See "The Quarrels of Authors."

ality, so often from jealousy, as emulation, although, by the vulgar, they are for ever attributed to the former motive, because few can conceive the elevated influence of the one, while all can realize that of the other.

Among the most successful feeders of this increasing appetite for literary tattling and gossiping, which always marks the decline of a wholesome and vigorous taste, is the industrious inquirer who has lately favoured the present race of authors with an infinite number of anecdotes admirably calculated to diminish our admiration for their illustrious predecessors. By searching in the charnel houses of literature, he has collected ample materials to convince us that Warburton, Pope, Addison, Boyle, Bentley, and, indeed, almost all the writers who constitute the glory of England, however they may have benefited the world by their precepts, exhibited examples wonderfully adapted to diminish our admiration of their genius, and win us from that blameable idolatry with which we have been accustomed to worship their manes. He began first with the calamities of authors. This answered exceedingly well, and there was no harm in the exposure, because every body knew that calamity was their birthright, and that, like the saints of old, they were doomed to a life of suffering as the prelude to immortality. His next step was to compile into one single work the scattered monuments of their weakness and irritability, and if, as we are inclined to anticipate, the pure classical taste of the English public should duly encourage the author and publisher of those meritorious labours, we may next expect a companion-piece to the Letters of Lord Nelson, containing a copious detail of the intrigues, vices, and debaucheries of this ill-starred race, who, dead or alive, seem to be equally the victims of cotemporary jealousy, and posthumous curiosity. This will finish the whole plan in the most satisfactory manner, and confer a lasting obligation upon mankind, by taking from the noble

conceptions and precepts of the philosopher and the poet all the weight that might be derived from our ignorance of their examples. It is hoped that many ages will pass away before the vitiated curiosity of the nation will encourage such literature, or reward with its patronage the sacrilegious night prowler, who, worse than the stealer of inanimate bodies, rakes up, and scatters to the winds of heaven, the ashes of the illustrious dead.

In what are called the fine arts, we have as yet only produced a West, a Stewart, and a young Alston, to whom, it is said, England looks as a successor to West. The greatest historical, as well as the greatest portrait painter, now living, are both natives of this country, and it matters little where they live or have lived. When an English painter goes to Paris or to Rome for the purpose of improving his taste by contemplating the master-pieces of his art, he does not cease to be an Englishman, neither can his country ever be deprived of the honour of his birth or of his genius.

These suggestions are merely to show that this country can produce the *raw material* for excellence, in one of the fine arts at least. Whenever luxury, satiated with more vulgar enjoyments, shall call for the exercise of the pencil or the chisel, artists will start like figures from the canvass or the marble, to minister to this new taste of their munificent patrons. Fame and flattery, and the notice of the great, are the rewards that tempt the indolence, and overcome the bashfulness, of genius; and when these allurements are held out in America, the same consequences will result here as elsewhere.

But we are not anxious for that state of things, because, though the fine arts confer an artificial splendour upon a country, they are not the criterion either of refinement of manners or of human happiness. They seem to be coeval and coexistent with evils that counterbalance their beauty

and their use. They come like gout and apoplexy, in the splendid train of luxury, and may be called the beauteous handmaids that administer to the worn-out appetites of pampered debility. They are the sure precursors of decay, and, like the vivid glow on the cheek of consumption, indicate unerringly the approach of the last period of existence. Though not the cause of a nation's downfall, they may be compared to the lights that fasten on the vessel's shrouds, which, if they do not create the tempest, foretel that it is coming. For these reasons, we are not impatient or anxious for the period which will assuredly come, when our country will rival the elder nations, in the arts and in luxury. We wish her to arrive at no precocious maturity, that, like the rapid growth of the human body, indicates a short life, but to see her go through those natural and salutary gradations which mark the progress from infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age. We hope and trust that our country will sustain these different characters with honour, and are content with the certainty that free as we are, possessing every thing that man ought to wish, and abounding as we do in the noblest productions of nature, to animate art and inspire genius with emulation, we shall in good time, and in the natural course of events, perhaps when the glories of England shall be like those of ancient Greece, succeed to the sceptre that has fallen from her grasp, and, like the fabled offspring of Jove, become equally renowned with our once illustrious parent.

The laureat has combined the charge of deficiency in taste, with an imputation of grossness of manners, and a want of refinement in our amusements. He evidently labours to convince his readers that society in this country is everywhere a mixture of ignorance and brutality, and that we are totally and indiscriminately without the fine polish of English manners. That there may be some difference between the manners of the

well bred people in either country, we are willing to allow; especially, as we are by no means convinced that a diversity of modes bespeaks an inferiority either one way or the other. We have no knowledge of English manners, except from the exhibitions presented to our observation in plays which are said to be the truest pictures of existing life; and from the specimens afforded us by men of high rank, who have occasionally visited the United States. But our practical experience, small as it is, we may fairly presume, is fully equal to that of the Quarterly Reviewer, who, judging from his style of criticism, has never soared beyond the elevation of a manufacturing dinner, or a cockney tavern feast.

We are aware of that sly influence of habit, as well as that insidious vanity, which induces a nation to believe its own modes preferable to all others. Whatever differs from these is a departure from the genuine standard of excellence, and bespeaks an approximation to rudeness or barbarity. The minutiæ of fashionable manners, however, differ in every country, and among nations equally polished, because they are entirely capricious and arbitrary. They are, for the most part, the mere whims of some fashionable oddity luxuriating in the sunshine of fashion; some fair female novelty become wanton by universal admiration; or they arise from some peculiarity in the person of a great man. Dress, manners, nay, even the arts, have taken a direction from these causes. In one court no fashionable gentleman could possibly keep his head from dangling on one side, because his majesty had a wry neck: and the present fashion of high cravats not only took its origin, but derived its tenacity of endurance, from a royal scrofula in the neck. Painting in profile was invented to disguise the loss of Philip of Macedon's eye, an accident which, doubtless, placed a black patch over that of all his courtiers. Not long since it was fashionable, in England, for a beau to elbow his way into a ball room with his hat

under his arm, and a stick in the other hand; and, assuredly, it would be no imputation upon the manners of a nation to be found ignorant of this rare refinement, which certainly answered no other purpose than to incommode the company. It is more than probable that most of these preposterous follies arise from the vanity of those who are called people of ton, who, finding themselves equalled, or surpassed, in all the essentials of good breeding, by those they consider their inferiors, resort to some fantastic peculiarity of foppery for a mark of distinction, totally unconnected either with refinement of manners, or of mind.

Certain it is, that this indescribable something, as it has been called, because there is a certain evanescent nothingness in it that eludes description, and baffles the utmost dexterity of analysis, is altogether distinct from real politeness, which consists in a scrupulous regard for the feelings and convenience of others. In this view, good breeding is almost entitled to the dignity of a virtue. Mere fashionable caprice, on the contrary, is often connected with rudeness, indecorum, and a total disregard of the feelings of others, especially of those who are in inferior stations. An English writer, of great reputation, has affirmed, that in all his acquaintance with the world, and his experience of life and manners, he never saw any thing that equalled the thorough-bred insolence of a woman of fashion. It appears, then, that an unacquaintance with the mere minutiæ of high life bespeaks neither a want of good breeding, or of refinement in manners. Madame M. always exclaimed *bete!* whenever a gentleman went wrong in a cotillion, and a fashionable English diplomatist was accustomed to ridicule the gentlemen of this country for pulling off their hats to the ladies, instead of giving them a knowing nod, according to the then usages of Bond-street. If we recollect aright, he always pronounced a man "a regular built kiddy," or some such strange animal, who was guilty of a downright

bow. The mussulman calls the christian a dog, because he wears a hat instead of a turban, and abhors sitting cross legged; and the Indian stigmatizes the white man as a slave, because he prefers working to starving, is utterly insensible to the beauties of red paint, and refuses to wear copper rings in his nose. The anti-mahometan genii railed at the stupidity of mankind in preferring meat to bones, and the people of Abarimon, who, according to Pliny, wore their toes at their heels, laughed most outrageously at the Macedonians, because they had not that elegant peculiarity. There is no nation more deeply infected with this species of self-sufficiency than the English. They despise one people for not talking English; another, for not eating like the English; and a third, because they had rather see a bull worried by dogs than two men beating in each other's ribs, or knocking out their eyes, for the amusement of fashionable amateurs.

Far be it from us, however, to deny, that in many of the essentials of high breeding, and refinement of taste, the gentlemen of the United States are deplorably deficient. There is certainly not a gentleman in this country who could walk a thousand miles in as many successive hours, or spar with Captain Barclay of Urie, and we doubt whether, with the exception perhaps of one or two stage drivers, we have any such expert stable boys as the members of the Four in Hand Club: above all, we are altogether hopeless of producing so enterprising a pickpocket as the *Honourable* Mr. Crofton, who robbed Bradbury, the clown, of his watch and snuff-box. Candour, therefore, obliges us to concede the superiority in this enviable refinement to our rivals, and we are fain to acknowledge, that in many of the essentials of high bred ton, such as out-walking horses, out-boxing bullies, out-driving grooms, picking pockets, and running away with other men's wives, we are far from pretending to an equality with England.

One principal object of the Quarterly Reviewer, is evidently to exhibit such a general view of the manners, and situation, of the mass of the people in this country, as will operate to discourage emigrations from England. Not that so polite a writer as the laureat could be supposed to think it a matter of any consequence how the poor of any country subsist, but it is necessary to his purpose that the people of England should be kept in good humour by being persuaded they are the happiest nation in the world. It is not with a view of depriving them of the indulgence of this harmless vanity, or of seducing the people of that country from the happiness they enjoy, that we shall make the ensuing observations. Though perfectly willing to afford them a shelter, we have no anxiety to people this country with Englishmen, or any other men, but those whom it requires no appeal to the laws of nations to prove, are citizens of the United States.

If the intention of the reviewer is really what we suppose, the method he has pursued, in the attainment of his object, is the most shallow and absurd that can possibly be conceived. He seems to have forgot that it is the poor of England that emigrate to this country, and that the very indiscriminate right of suffrage, as well as this absence of all distinction of rank, and equal participation of political privileges, which he so much reprobates, is precisely what will furnish the strongest temptation to the people who are presented with this alluring picture. There is not a landlord who will not be delighted with the prospect of eating dinner with such a great man as Squire Janson; a good housewife that will not pine to come over and vote for members of congress, or an aspiring mechanic that will not expand his crest at the idea of being a colonel, and making clothes for Peter Porcupine's clerk. These imprudent disclosures will, we fear, inspire all England, with the exception of the privileged orders, with a vehement desire to come over and figure in this

land of promise. It is singular that the laureat should have overlooked this obvious result. But nothing is more apt to overshoot its mark than the busy anxiety of new converts, whose zeal to make amends for former offences frequently does more harm to the cause they espouse, than they ever were able to do to that which they opposed.

However this may be, it seems to us, that in striking the balance between the relative happiness of nations, we should always look with a wary eye to the situation of that class of people which constitutes the great majority in every civilized country, the labouring class. It is not because a kingdom is spotted here and there with splendid palaces, that, like patches on the face of an antiquated belle, only serve to disguise the ravages of decay; and inhabited by nobles who spend a princely revenue in elegant luxury, or ignoble riot, that its situation is to be pronounced happy. The traveller may repine at his own humbler lot, and, putting himself in the place of this stately patrician, fancy that country must be happy which affords such means of splendid gratification. He does not take notice of the poverty which surrounds this great man, and never reflects at what an expense of the labours of his fellow creatures this luxury is supported; nor does it ever come across his mind, that the owner of this palace is only the great fish that swallows up the lesser fry. Or he has perhaps read some of those admirable theories lately invented to shut the mouth of clamorous poverty, wonderfully adapted indeed to the constitution of England, but probably not quite so well to that of human nature; and has learned to consider this monopoly of wealth, and this luxurious prodigality, as a great national blessing. Luxury has of late become a great favourite with this new race of economists, because it helps to distribute among the labouring class that superfluity of wealth which centres in the rich. In a country where there is such an immense disparity of

wealth, and where such extremes of riches and poverty are found as in England, it is obvious enough, that luxury, as a mean of distributing this superfluity of money, is so far beneficial; but still that state of society which renders such a questionable habit necessary, must be a bad one for the honest labouring poor at least. This subject would lead us into a discussion beyond the limits of this article; and we will content ourselves with observing, that luxury is very apt to waste its superfluities in indulgences, the price of which contributes nothing to the necessities of the poor, and that the profligate and worthless adventurer is much more likely to enjoy the benefits of this prodigality than the industrious labourer. Luxury wastes its blessings on idle and pampered servants, taken from the virtuous labourers of the field; on parasites, who obtain favours through the medium of administering to sated appetites; cringing dependants, who degrade their very souls to a miserable subserviency; or, what is very generally the case, on sharpers and black legs, who are enabled to prosecute their nefarious trade, and purchase the gratification of their vices, by the spoils of some luxurious spendthrift.

We would, therefore, venture to suggest, with great diffidence, that it is not the luxury of the few, but the competency of the many, that forms the test of national happiness, so far as that depends on national plenty. The rich live well everywhere, except in the cave of Sinbad, or the desert island of honest Quarles. Their occasional wants and privations are not of the necessaries, but the luxuries, of life; and although custom may have endeared these lost delights of appetite or vanity, still there is a radical difference between that which nature has made necessary, and that which habit has only made agreeable. Habit will enable us to dispense with what habit only rendered of consequence; but nothing can reconcile us to hunger and thirst. Time, that

diminishes our regret for the one, increases our impatience of the other; and what makes, at last, the one indifferent, renders the other intolerable.

Hence it is, that the distinction arises between the wants of the rich and the necessities of the poor; the former of which are mere artificial conveniences, the latter natural and indispensable requisites to existence. The poverty of the one is comparative, because it arises only from a comparison with a greater degree of luxury; that of the other positive, inasmuch as it involves the want of what the very constitution of our nature, as modified by the social state, absolutely requires for its support. There is an essential difference between the situation of the rich man who is obliged to put down his carriage, and the poor man who is forced to retrench a meal, or sleep in a roofless cottage, exposed to the inclemencies of winter. From this distinction between artificial and natural wants, as well as from the superior number of poor men in every society, arises the political axiom, that the situation of the labouring class is the true criterion of national happiness.

Not with a view to gratify any feelings of unmanly triumph over our enemies, but to retort their abuse, we will offer to the view of our readers an extract from a work which has already afforded materials for our undertaking. It exhibits a picture of the state of one ninth part of all the population of England, who, it is computed, receive their subsistence, either in the whole, or in part, from the parish.

"A necessary attention," says the writer, "to the duties of a magistrate, together with compassion for my poor neighbours, particularly for those who were employed in daily labour on my farm, had occasioned me to visit, at times, the sick cottager, and the miserable pauper in a parish workhouse. The situation of the first, whose narrow tenement forbad the possibility of separating the sick from the well,

the parent from the children, or the children themselves from each other; that miserable economy in fitting up the cottage, which too generally has denied the only bedroom either a fire-place, or a casement-window to ventilate the air; the noise of querulous children; the stench of confined air, rendered epidemic by morbid effluvia; the vermin too frequently swarming on the bodies and rags of the wretched inhabitants; all these causes, acting together, procrastinate affliction, prevent a return of health, and indicate a depth of misery, which hard labour and industry ought not, in sickness, to be liable to endure. Neither did the parish workhouse, the last sad refuge of miserable indigence, offer a less disagreeable spectacle. The clothes, or rather the covering, of the inhabitants; the improprieties arising from the two sexes, of all ages and dispositions, long kept together; the ignorance and filth in which the children are brought up; and the general spirit of rigid economy which the *contracting* master of the workhouse practises, as well in diet as clothing, lodging, and cleanliness, to scrape from misery, as soon as possible, a property which may enable him to retire from his disagreeable avocation, give propriety to the opinion, that a parish workhouse is a parish bugbear to frighten distress from applying for relief."*

Such is, with some few exceptions, the state of more than a million of human beings in England alone. And this distress arises, not so much from sickness, idleness, or prodigality, as from the absolute impossibility which a day labourer finds in supporting his family by his daily wages. We do not mean in supporting them comfortably, but in doing it at all. A writer, in this very Quarterly Review states, in a former article, that the poor of England do not know what it is to eat meat; and yet dispensing with that most material requisite of com-

* History of the English Poor, letter 46.

fort does not enable them to keep their families together, in such a hut, or their children from such a workhouse, as has been just described.

But this is a subject on which we do not wish to enlarge; neither should we have noticed it at all had it not been in a manner forced upon us by this indiscreet and violent attack of the belligerant laureat. The miseries of these poor people might have passed into oblivion, and if we could not relieve, we would have refrained, at least, from insulting their distresses. Nothing, indeed, but a determination, if possible, to sicken these miserable calumniators of our country, by showing them their own vulnerability, could have induced us, even for a moment, to cherish the idea of insulting poor old England with a repetition of her miseries. We do not wish to interfere with her rejoicings at the downfall of Bonaparte, neither should we have, otherwise, volunteered the task of hinting to that inflated nation, that high as it may think itself elevated above the changes of this ever-rolling world, it cannot escape the inevitable operation of these internal causes that lurk unseen, or, at least, unobserved, in the bosom of the land; and though they may be hidden from the view of strangers, will, like the theft of the Spartan boy, at length consume her vitals.

It is almost unnecessary to contrast this scene of poverty and distress with the healthy and wholesome prosperity of this buxom nation, the contemplation of whose auspicious youth is lost in the anticipation of what will be her prime of manhood. We need not ask our readers, who have looked this country in the face, if within its wide circumference there is one spot that presents such a picture of human misery as that given by the worthy magistrate, not as a solitary instance of rare and accidental distress, arising from some combination of wayward circumstances, but as

exhibiting the general outlines of that state which is common to the poor of England.

No calculations or statements are necessary where experience and daily observation verify the truth, as in this particular instance. Occasional examples of poverty, which is the inevitable consequence of idleness and debauchery in the labouring classes, are seen in this as well as in every other country. Of the numbers of these we remain ignorant, because they are so few that it has never been thought worth while to enumerate them. We have no such cottages or workhouses as the writer describes; and there is hardly a wandering beggar in the streets of our great cities, where alone a beggar is to be found, who would not consider the description of these receptacles of misery as an effort of the imagination rather than the result of the experience and observation of the writer. It is an undeniable fact, that out of our cities we have neither parish workhouse, hospital, or infirmary, because these institutions are altogether unnecessary; and we remain ignorant of the numbers of the parish poor, because, in most parishes, there are none, and the aggregate is so insignificant that no person has ever yet thought it an object of sufficient importance to merit an inquiry.

The next point in which the laureat has provoked a comparison, is the moral state of the people of the United States and England. In addition to the rare calculation of the witness from Newgate, which we have already treated with the contempt such a miserable fallacy deserves, the Quarterly Reviewer has quoted from one of our compilers the description of what is called *gouging;* a practice which, if it exists at all, is exceedingly rare, and confined to a single mountainous district of the south. By a most unlucky and ominous association, he has attempted to fortify the authority of the learned geographer by that of Mr. Janson, who says, that he "actually saw a crowd applauding a fellow,

while he held up his antagonist's eye in his hand." Of Mr. Janson we have already said sufficient to prove him utterly unworthy of belief as to any fact which rests upon his own assertion; and with respect to his liberal coadjutor, we will merely observe, that so far as the latitude and names of places is concerned, he may generally be depended upon; but when he comes to describe the manners and customs of the people, his description must be taken with this special allowance, that he praises every thing in New-England, and dispraises almost every thing in the south. The reader is welcome, after these observations, to give what credit he pleases to this apt association of the cassock and the gown; and if he wants any further testimony to the character of the reverend gossip, he may apply to Mrs. Hannah Adams, who will at least certify to his veracity.

The reverend geographer gives the following *humorous* description of the practice of gouging: "In coming to close quarters, each endeavours to twist his fore fingers in the ear-locks of his antagonist. When these are fast clinched, the thumbs are extended each to the nose, and the eyes gently turned out of the sockets. The victor for his expertness receives shouts of applause from the sportive throng, while the poor eyeless antagonist is laughed at for his misfortune." This is certainly given with infinite *naiveté*, and in the true style of an amateur. It would almost induce a belief that the doctor was a distinguished professor of this new science, or, at least, that he had been in the habit of attending these elegant exhibitions. The priests of ancient Rome had their *ludi pontificales;* and there are a great number of buck parsons in England, who are promising pupils of Jackson, whose morning levees, we are credibly informed, are attended by more noblemen than the house of peers.

For the purpose of gratifying our rural readers, and as companion pictures to those of Messrs. Janson and Morse,

we will extract an account of one or two of those fashionable exhibitions called boxing matches, which are common in the more polite parts of England. They are taken from the Sporting Magazine, which is considered the most genteel vehicle of information in that country. It is a work patronised by most of the nobility and gentry, who, if they happen to own a horse that wins a sweepstakes, or a hound that comes in first at the death, are sure of immortality.

"*Sporting Intelligence.*

"It has been customary to *amuse* the men of Kent with a fight on their coast; and in the instance we are now about to record, two men higher on the list than are usually exhibited in this part were pitted. Harry Harmer, of the Belcher school, a man of first-rate science; and Ford, whose former exhibitions have ranked him amongst the most formidable on the list. The place of combat was in the meadow of a Kentish yeoman, a mile to the east of St. Nicholas, a few miles from Margate.

"At twelve the men stripped for combat, and the seconds were Joe Ward and Bristol Hall for Harmer, F. Jones and J. Clarke for Ford. Betting current 11 to 8 on Harmer."

"Round 1. Harmer made play by making hits left and right, but the right only told, Ford having parried the left, and returned with about the same force."

As the detail is rather long, we will omit all but the *dashing* rounds.

"Round 3. Harmer made his right hand hit on Ford's head, which told severely; Ford, however, *bored* upon him, to set to in fighting, and he succeeded in doing so after other

blows, but he had the worst of the round, and was thrown. Betting as at the commencement."

"Round 4. Ford began to show bad training. He was open-mouthed, and straining for wind. Harmer, however, could not easily get at him. A tremendous right-handed blow on Ford's body was placed, and it was returned smartly on Harmer's head. Mutual advantages took place in the round, but Ford received a heavy fall. Two to one on Harmer.

"Round 7. Harmer was stopped at going in to rally, and Ford had the best of hitting, *but Harmer got him to the ropes, with his head under his left arm, and did much fibbing execution, and Ford at last extricated himself by dropping through his hands.*"

"Round 8. Ford maintained this round with much bravery, but he afterwards got to his staying system of fighting. Much bravery was displayed on both sides, but at length Ford went down by exhaustion, after having been hit to the ropes, when a trial of strength took place, and Harmer appeared fresh. *He exercised his trade of copper smith about the kidneys of Ford, who supported himself by the ropes, held up by the left hand of Harmer.*

"The fight continued thirteen other rounds, but to detail them would be to repeat that Ford had no chance, and in the 15th round he received a hit in the wind, which rendered him quite feeble after. He went down from weakness in every round, and received much additional punishment in protracting the contest.

"Gregson's man, and Joe Ward's Irishman."

"Gregson was second to Painter with J. Clarke for his bottle holder, and Joe Ward and Hall seconded Eong. To the astonishment of the ring, who treated the Hibernian's attempt

to fight as farcical, a most courageous and sanguinary battle was fought. The Hibernian, whom no one knew, displayed *science* which would not disgrace a Crib, and his gift of hitting was great. Painter, who had evidently set-to before, by some stops he made, was kept bleeding from every organ of his head from the first, which baffled sponge and cold water. He resembled a Kentish cherry, and yet his smile through the blood, compared with the reverend mug of Pat, formed a striking and ludicrous contrast.*

Our readers will bear in mind that these are not the accidental broils of taverns, which take place between half civilized mountaineers, warmed by whiskey, and spurred into the contest by momentary irritation, but the deliberate and scientific exhibitions of men fighting for money, in the presence of people of rank and fashion, who bet thousands upon either side, and who carry the victor on their shoulders, or in their carriages, from the field of battle. The sport, therefore, is high-bred sport, all in perfect good humour, and it is consequently not to be compared with the miserable, clownish exhibition of fellows who fight because they are angry, and not because they want money. It would therefore be presumption in us to bring forward such polite, elegant, and scientific exhibitions as an off-set to Dr. Morse's gouging spectacle. Our object was simply to show the singular improvements which vulgar and barbarous practices undergo when they come to be patronised by such a polished nation as England.

In remarking on the state of public morals in England, we purposely abstain from particularizing the innumerable modes of vice common among the lower orders of people, or specifying the strange and uncouth names by which they are de-

* Sporting Magazine for August, 1815.

signated by the writer,* who has entered most deeply into the investigation of the subject. The detail would not only be disgusting, but impolitic, inasmuch as it might serve to initiate the people of the United States into new modes and combinations of villany, with which they are, as yet, most fortunately unacquainted. It will be sufficient if we give the result of his calculations, with respect to the proportion which the quantity of thieves of different classes bears to the number of men employed in different avocations, and the aggregate amount of the whole combined fraternity of rogues in one city alone. The details of this indefatigable magistrate present a complete system of plunder and corruption. From the miserable vagrant that prowls along the water side, to the custom-house officer, whose express duty it is to prevent depredations, and the trusty watchman who is placed as a guard over the property he steals; there is a continued chain and combination of roguery, altogether inconceivable, and distinctly indicating that corruption pervades every vein and artery of society.

Mr. Colquhoun states, as the result of long experience, and most minute inquiry, that of 36,344 petty officers, lumpers, coal heavers, journeymen coopers, lightermen, watchmen, and labourers, employed either in protecting or removing cargoes, at least 10,800 are in the common practice of committing depredations upon the property from time to time placed in their charge, and that the whole number of persons in the city of London alone, who obtain a livelihood by vitious practices, amounts to one hundred and fifteen thousand. An enormous and unexampled proportion, to be

* Colquhoun enumerates the different classes, among which are Light Horsemen, Heavy Horsemen, Mud Larks, Game Lightermen, Scuffle Hunters, and divers other strange animals, whose names are more unintelligible than Chinese. The amount of their depredations on London vessels he estimates at 506,000 pounds sterling per annum.

found in no city, or spot of earth in the United States, and which is demonstrative of a state of morals as lamentable as incurable.

The profits arising from these depredations are equally divided among the members of each of these classes, and a general fund is set apart for the special purpose of extricating any one of the fraternity who happens, unfortunately, to fall into the hands of justice. As one, and by no means an extreme example of the height to which crimes have arisen in England, we will amaze our readers with the following statement, taken from the same author who has furnished us with the foregoing information.

"Of the copper coinage," he observes, "the quantity of counterfeits in circulation may be truly said to equal *three fourths* of the whole, independent of the daily emission." He adds, that they counterfeit the coin of all nations; Turkish sequins, Louis-d'ors, half joes, French half crowns, and Indian pagodas; which last are sometimes, we are told, detected in Hindoostan. "In short," he concludes, "nothing can be on a worse footing than the silver and copper coinage of this kingdom at the present period; for at no time can any person minutely examine a parcel of either one coin or the other, which may come into his possession, without finding a considerable portion of counterfeits." Before we leave this subject we cannot forbear noticing, for the amusement of the reader, a very singular class of swindlers, mentioned by this same writer, "who dress elegantly, personate women of fashion, attend masquerades, and sometimes go to St. James's."

England must do something more than establish bible societies,* societies for the suppression of vice, the con-

* Admiral Cockburn is a member of this society we understand.

version of the Jews and Hindoos,* before she can claim any very extraordinary portion either of piety or morality. We disclaim all intention of sneering at these benevolent and praiseworthy institutions, which do honour to any nation; all we would be understood to say is, that so many props to the national virtue, so far from indicating any moral superiority, rather give being to a suspicion, in our minds, that the purity which requires so strict a guard cannot be very immaculate. As in the physical system of man, so in the moral system of society, it is only necessary to resort to continual preventives and remedies when the constitution is either worn down by the natural infirmities of age, or vitiated by pernicious habits and indulgences.

The Quarterly Reviewer next enters upon the subject of our literature, of which he speaks, and perhaps with some reason, rather contemptuously, though we are not disposed to admit the conclusion that our deficiency, in this respect, is owing to want of originality of genius, as he affirms.

The learning, like the riches of the United States, is more equally distributed than in any other country, with the exception, perhaps, of Scotland, to whose learning, morals, and inflexible habits of propriety, we take this opportunity of bearing a willing and hearty testimony. Learning is seldom to be found here in great masses, but is diffused, in a certain degree, throughout the whole body of the people; and although we have few or none that have gone into the depths of knowledge, we have also few that have not skimmed the surface.

* It is somewhat remarkable that while such pains are taken to convert the Hindoos, the English East-India Company should pay the expense of keeping up the temple of Jaggernaut, at whose bloody shrine human victims are offered up to a Pagan God! We have seen, in a statement of the expenditures of the company, a charge for the support of this detested establishment, which is encouraged by that christian nation, for the sake of a revenue squeezed from the wretched pilgrims who resort thither from all parts of Hindoostan.

If we are without many profound scholars, we are also free from that mass of ignorance and stupidity which is to be found among such a large portion of the populace of England. In acuteness of intellect, in general intelligence, and in that versatility of genius which enables men to accommodate themselves to new situations, and enter readily into the details of untried occupations, the people of the United States are particularly distinguished. They have also more information, distinct and independent of the knowledge necessary to their daily employments, than perhaps any other nation.

Admitting, then, as we do, without hesitation, not for the purpose of making a parade of our candour by the acknowledgment of a self-evident fact, but to demonstrate that we are at all times ready to acquiesce in the truth—admitting that we are inferior to England in learned men, rather than in men of original genius, we at the same time feel strongly disposed to doubt, whether it is not much more important to the general welfare of mankind that they should all partake of a reasonable portion of knowledge, than that a few, perhaps half a dozen, should be profound scholars.

Were the world, indeed, to begin again, and there arise a necessity of once more building up systems, or creating, as it were, the sciences anew, perhaps the case might be different; but even there it is not learning, but genius, that leads the way, and all that learning can do is to collect, combine, and transmit to posterity, the discoveries of genius, and thus bequeath to one race of men the result of ages of experience.

Though it may subject us to the charge of vandalism, we will venture to question, whether Professor Porson's Greek, Doctor Parr's Latin, or Sir Humphrey Davy's fulminating powder, can make amends for the want of those common rudiments of education, among a vast portion of their countrymen, that may be called necessaries of life, any more than the Mar-

quis of Stafford's one hundred and sixty thousand a year makes amends to society for the poverty of thousands. In the present state of the civilized world, it is believed that it would be much more conducive to the happiness of mankind, that all should be able to read and write, than that one should be qualified to enter into the intricacies of Greek prosody, explain an obscurity in old Ennius, or blow himself up in a chemical experiment.

The dearth of celebrated authors in the United States has frequently before been attributed to a deficiency of natural or original genius. This imputation was at first connected with that of an inferiority in physical organization, both in the men and animals of this country. Because the aborigines wore no beards, and the forest produced no elephants, it was philosophically concluded upon that nature herself laboured under a sort of strange imbecility in this new world, and that being the last of her offspring, we stood in the same relation to others, that the little pig called a *runt* usually does to the rest of the litter. The digging up of the mammoth bones, and the discovery that this deficiency of beards was occasioned by their being pulled out by the roots, put this part of the theory to the rout, but the other half still remains to be combated by any one that thinks it deserves the trouble. For ourselves, we shall not consider it worth attempting, until England can show us, within the same given period of time, a philosopher superior in original discoveries to Franklin, a painter equal to West, or a greater triumph of mechanical genius than that exhibited in the steam boat. Perhaps it may be true, as the Quarterly Reviewer affirms of Franklin, that these men acquired their knowledge in England, but they certainly did not acquire their original genius there, for they were men before they left their native country. With regard to steam boats, we know it has been asserted that Mr. Fulton is not the inventor, and that they had been tried

in England previously to his first successful experiment in America. This new world has been the victim of many false pretensions. She lost her name through the imposture of a clamorous Florentine, and the glory of Columbus was for a time obscured by vague pretenders to the honour of his discovery. It was first asserted that Americus Vespucius preceded him, and next, that he became possessed of the secret of a new world, through the means of information derived from some obscure pilot. So, also, the French chemists endeavoured to deprive Doctor Black of the honour of his great chemical discoveries. But truth will prevail. The claim of Columbus, as well as of the great Scottish chemist, is now universally acknowledged, as we trust will be the case ere long with that of Mr. Fulton. It has been asked of those who disputed the pretensions of Mr. Fulton, why these vessels were not made use of in England, and it was answered, that the rivers of Great Britain were not calculated for this mode of navigation. No sooner, however, has Mr. Fulton succeeded in his experiment, than these same rivers accommodate themselves to circumstances with wonderful docility, and steam boats are put into operation upon them. The inevitable result of these facts is, that the experimentalists of England had never been able to construct a boat, capable of navigating by steam advantageously either to the public or the inventor, and that, consequently, the utmost they are entitled to claim, is the credit of having dexterously availed themselves of Mr. Fulton's discovery. If the previous application of steam to other uses is to deprive that gentleman of the honour of his discovery, then the ingenious housewife, who first practised the art of boiling potatoes with steam, is justly entitled to the whole credit of originality, and all the rest are mere plagiarists.

These observations are made merely from a wish to vindicate the claims of a man who has been the means of con-

ferring on his country many valuable benefits, and not with any view to parry the clumsy passes of a very indifierent writer. He who could suppose it was in his power to injure the fame of Franklin by bringing to bear against him the hackneyed plagiarism "that one half of his writings was stolen, and the other half not worth reading," must either have been gifted with a more than ordinary share of critical arrogance, or have calculated most liberally on the stupidity of his readers. As a politician, Franklin made himself many enemies, and by politicians he is variously estimated; but among philosophers and scholars, belonging only to the whole world, and free from the strife of petty ambition, as well as exempt from party feelings, there is but one opinion. His name is inseparably connected with an era in philosophical discovery of his own forming; and long as the thunder rolls over our heads, or the lightning flashes innocently in our eyes, the Jupiter Tonans of our western world will continue to be associated with the highest names of both hemispheres.

It may not, however, be altogether idle to inquire into those peculiarities in our situation, which have, as we conceive, occasioned the human mind in this country to be diverted, in so very uncommon a degree, from what may be termed the business of literature. The principal cause heretofore assigned by writers well acquainted with the state of our country, is the facility of acquiring wealth and distinction, by a thousand other means less laborious and more certain. That this is of powerful and extensive operation we are well satisfied, but it appears to us that the want of habits of study may be traced to a cause much deeper and more remote.

Among our adventurous and determined forefathers, who left their native climes to battle with the unknown dangers of an unknown world, were undoubtedly many learned men, especially clergymen, habituated to study and contemplation.

But from the moment they set foot in this new world, they encountered a series of obstacles that demanded every exertion of mind and body to surmount. Their days were consumed in providing against cold and famine, or in guarding against the fury and the wiles of the jealous Indian. Many years of danger and hardship elapsed, before they could sit down quietly, and resume their usual habits of life ; and when this period arrived these habits were lost irrecoverably in the long struggle for existence. It is well known how tedious, slow, and lingering is the approach of a people to learning, and in how short a period they relapse into other pursuits. A few years of active and dangerous employment are sufficient for the creation of a hardy and warlike race, but generations must pass away, and ages of peace elapse, before a people, once drawn from the habits of study and contemplation, will probably ever resume them again. An active life, and one which associates danger with almost every step, is altogether incompatible with the nature and pursuits of the scholar, and it will be found that though in a few rare instances a man may retain his acquirements in such a situation, his posterity will never succeed to them.

A close inspection of the history of this country, from its first colonization to the revolution, which threw an everlasting barrier between the United States and England, will show that at no period whatever were the scattered people exempt from an actual state of warfare, either against savage men, or savage beasts. The first settler, in addition to his implements of labour, was obliged to carry his musket or his rifle, and his employment was always a combination of labour with danger. It is easily to be supposed that this was no period for learning to flourish, or for the human mind to take a direction towards literature, or the arts, except such as were necessary to subsistence or security. Men now living in the city of New-York can recollect the period

when the inhabitants were under continual apprehensions of Indian hostility. Yet such is the elasticity, and such the capacity, of young nations, as well as young children, to recover the effects of adverse accidents, that the genius of our country rose against the pressure of these obstacles; literary institutions began to spring up everywhere, and every year assumed new consequence, and a taste, at least, for polite literature gradually appeared wherever there was personal security. At the commencement of those disputes between this country and England, which at once monopolized, as it were, the minds of men, we had many elegant and accomplished scholars. They did not, it is true, write books, for every man was not then his own writer, but they had acquired stores of science and information that would have placed them high in any country.

At this point of time the stormy indications of a revolution appeared in the firmament, and drew the attention of the colonists from every other object. The questions which then agitated the minds of men, were such as involved considerations of sufficient magnitude to occupy them all, and to combine every energy in the pursuit of one single object. It will be perceived that there is a vast difference, and one materially affecting this inquiry, between a war carried into the territory of an enemy, and one that is brought home to ourselves. In one case it is only felt remotely, and is little more than a rumour of war; it endangers the personal safety, and interferes with the pursuits, only of those actually engaged on the side of the invading party. But in the other, it comes home to the bosom and business of every man; it howls at his door, invades his home, and forces him from his ordinary occupations to the defence of every object dear to his affections. For centuries past, though England has been almost continually engaged in hostilities, her wars, with the exception of the civil commotion which converted a very in-

different monarch into an illustrious martyr, have been carried on at a distance, and, consequently, did not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of a time of peace. During a lapse of ages she has seen but one hostile army, and in all that time, with the exception just made, the cultivators of literature as well as of the soil have remained undisturbed in their occupations. But it was otherwise with the people of America. Their wars have hitherto been wars for their altars and their hearths, waged, not for foreign conquest, but for defence against savages, or enemies exasperated into a fury that gave their incursions the character of an irruption of barbarians. Our struggle with England in the revolution, was hand to hand, foot to foot, and heart against heart. Every limb and sinew was strained almost to agony, and every vein of the country bled at different times. There was not an asylum in all the land where the student could retire to pursue his studies, free from the apprehension of danger, or out of hearing of the din of war; and if he studied at all, it was, like Archimedes, how to defend his home.

This "tug of war" lasted seven years; and in seven years, habits that have not taken deep root are totally eradicated. Those who are young, adopt new ones; and those who are too old to change, die. During this stormy period another race sprung up, and it is obvious that their pursuits would receive a direction from the circumstances of the times. The war ended at last in the establishment of our independence, but not in the immediate restoration of a state of things favourable to the revival of learning. It was followed by a long and interesting contest with respect to the adoption of a constitution, that was to form a bond of union between thirteen separate and independent republics. The different local partialities, the diversity of opinions prevailing among men equally eminent for talents and virtues, the mutual sacrifices necessary to be made, and the difficulty of ac-

commodating this opposition of interests and opinions, delayed for a long time the settlement of this most important question, which agitated every heart with anxiety. During this interesting period, it is not to be supposed that the minds of that class of men which usually furnishes the materials for scholars, would be sufficiently abstracted from the object on which, in their opinion, depended the good or evil result of their seven years' labours, to admit of pursuing any studies but such as would qualify them to support their political opinions. Accordingly, we find this period fruitful in orators and politicians, equal, perhaps, to any of the age; but very few, if any writers on subjects distinct from this great constitutional question.

Hardly had the minds of men become calm and settled after this struggle, when the revolution of France began to draw the eyes, to absorb the attention, and excite the passions of mankind in both hemispheres. It brought the democratical and monarchical principles into a dreadful contest that shook them both, alternately, to their centre; it divided the human race into two great parties, and converted the world into a coffee-house for political discussions. In its progress, it brought into action, and gave a stimulus to every turbulent passion of our nature; men, women, and children, everywhere whirled about in its vortex; individual and national antipathies acquired increasing bitterness; those who might have grown to be scholars became only politicians; and those who had already began to emerge from the current, fell back into the whirlpool to rise no more; or, if they regained the surface, appeared in some new form, like the Virginian rail, which is said to go down a bird in autumn, and come up a frog in the spring.

This rapid sketch of the history of our country may, perhaps, serve to account for the few specimens of literature and the fine arts to be found in the United States, without

amounting to the mortifying confession of a want of original genius. The peculiar situations in which we have been placed during the short period of our existence, have drawn the mind continually from that calm and quiet self-possession without which few, perhaps we might say none, can ever hope to enter into the deep recesses of learning, or sport in the fair fields of poetical inspiration. Such pursuits and amusements require a mind abstracted from the labours of active life, and free from the apprehension of personal danger, as well as the temptations of worldly ambition. The allurements of knowledge are gentle, quiet, and unassuming: those of glory, wealth, and pleasure, glittering and obtrusive. It is the choice of Hercules; and as few men have the strength of body, so still fewer have the firmness of mind, or the judgment, to make a selection equally judicious with that of the hero. The business of a scholar is incompatible with any other excitement than the love of knowledge, and the hope of a pure and spotless immortality. To him, a mind undisturbed and free to pursue the object of his peculiar contemplation, is indispensably necessary; and the nation that does not already possess men who have acquired a decided vocation to study, must never expect them to be the product of a long succession of dangerous labours, fearful apprehensions, and bloody invasions.

While the people of America were clearing their lands of trees, behind which often lurked the watchful Indian to take his deadly aim; or resisting the encroachments of savage borderers, or struggling against civilized oppression, we left to England the manufacturing of our books and broadcloths, because we had other and more indispensable avocations. We had a new world before us; and in a new world men must adopt new habits. So many avenues to competency lay open to our choice, that necessity at least did not compel us to write, and consequently, if we wrote

at all, it was merely to please ourselves or our friends, rather than with any view to profit or fame. These little productions were either published in some obscure corner, and forgot, or, what was more often the case, destroyed when they had gone the round of the domestic circle. Many of these we remember to have seen, that would bear a comparison with any trifles of the kind; but they are lost, and the only ground on which the poetical reputation of this country rests, in Europe, is the productions of Barlow and Dwight, which are assumed as the *ne plus ultra* of American genius. Whenever an English critic assails us in this very vulnerable point, he is sure to launch one of these ponderous missiles at our defenceless heads, that, like the rock of Ajax, would make the knees of a very Hector tremble under him. Among the great evils of a great and gaudy book, there is one that, so far as we know, has never been admitted into the catalogue, which is, that being such a conspicuous object, it becomes a mark for the enemy, like the commander of an army, who, though very often a mighty silly personage, is supposed to be of consequence from the splendour of his accoutrements, and is sure to be finely peppered whenever he comes in the way. Of the late Mr. Barlow's talents, as a poet, we do not wish to be understood to give any opinion, but must beg leave to observe, that when an author anticipates the public in the demand for a splendid edition of his book, he erects, not a monument to his fame, but to his vanity. As Americans, and zealous for the reputation of our country, we would also protest against Doctor Dwight's works as specimens of first-rate American poetry. The late William Clifton was, we think, infinitely more of a genuine poet than the reverend principal, and so was also Robert Treat Paine and Philip Freneau. It is not because a writer collects and publishes his works in a book, that he is to be taken as the standard of literature in his native

country. However incomprehensible it may appear to a laureat, certain it is, that some of our writers can afford to publish their works at their own expense, and consequently the publication of a great book is no indication of its popularity. Bulk, or weight, is no criterion of excellence. A man may write four quarto epics, like the laureat, and still the people of this rude country, at least, will prefer the precious little specimens of Campbell and Byron to all the plenteous and exuberant verbiage of Mr. Southey.

We will venture here to observe, that there never was a nation placed in circumstances so unfavourable to originality in literature as the people of the United States. We appear on the stage when every sentiment and character has been exhausted by other writers in that very language which is common to us all. Accustomed, from our earliest infancy, to English models, we have not acquired sufficient confidence in ourselves to be original, even though avenues were open to us. The small portion of writers which this country has produced, have, as it was hardly possible they should not, undoubtedly imitated those of England, because their minds had become fettered by the habitual contemplation of English authors, and more especially, because our language and manners are the same. That which distinguishes the literature of one nation from that of another is not so much a difference of thought as of expression, arising from some distinct peculiarity in each language. The same thoughts expressed in different languages will each possess an air of originality, a peculiar character and grace, which cannot be transferred from one to the other, and which demonstrate, that however great may be their resemblance, there can be no plagiarism. The sense of either may be translated, but that which constitutes the identity of thought is lost. The people of the United States, we therefore conceive, labour under peculiar difficulties in establishing a distinct and cha-

racteristic national literature. They may invent new combinations of events, and new associations of ideas, but they must always think, and talk, and write English. There will always be something in these productions so like what we have read before, so much resembling the character of English writing, as to take from them a great portion of the charm of originality.

The few original writers of every country, and their number is everywhere as one to infinity, are always to be found in that class which is least conversant with foreign writers. It is in the nature of man to imitate, and it is only where he has no models that he will resort to his own conceptions. It is then that he follows the bent of his own genius, modified, as genius always is, by custom, habit, and education, and becomes the great original of a distinct and characteristic national literature. Those who come after him, though they may extend, diversify, and polish, are still to be traced up to this great model, which lays at the source of all that is truly original, all that constitutes the radical difference between the literature of cotemporary nations.

Had Greek been the native language of all mankind, we should perhaps have had no Shakspeare. We say *we*, because Shakspeare belongs to the world. We also speak doubtingly, because there appears to have been in that man a capacity to burst the chains of imitation, however they might have been riveted by language. He who could make supernatural things seem and be natural, would have formed an era in the history of literature, under any circumstances. We believe, however, that few books would in that case have been written, except upon the Greek model. The bounds of science, of thought, and of speculation, would have been enlarged to the extent perhaps that they are now, but there would have been a family likeness in every work of taste or imagination, for this very natural reason, that children who

read at all, would have formed their taste, and adopted their idiom from the Greek, just as those of America do from the English tongue.

Labouring as we do under these peculiar difficulties, and opposed by obstacles that are not in the way of the nations of Europe, who each write in a language distinct from their neighbours, we shall venture to consider, that the want of a school of national literature is no argument of a want of original genius. Our difficulties have not yet been altogether overcome, but they assuredly must be, and the victory will be one of the noblest ever achieved by human genius.

We have now touched on the principal charges brought forward by the Quarterly Review, in the manner which we originally adopted. It is believed that we have sufficiently exposed the uncandid mode in which he has endeavoured to stain the character of this nation by making one extreme, as well as very doubtful example of vice or indecorum, the criterion of morals and manners. We have shown that the authorities to which he has referred are either doubtful, or infamous; that in the only two facts with respect to the nature of our political institutions, which could be brought to the test of truth, he has betrayed a total ignorance of his subject; and we believe have turned his own style of reasoning pretty effectually against himself. The task has been an Herculean one, more from its tediousness than its difficulty. It was the labour of the Augean stable, rather than that of the Næmean Lion, or the adventure of the Garden of the Hesperides. There remain, however, a few straggling stories that have either escaped us in the examination, or were omitted in their places, from being a sort of random shots not levelled exactly at any particular object.

"A standard," says the laureat, "belonging to the sixty-eighth regiment of James City light infantry, was taken at the attack on Hampton" (we marvel that any Englishman

should venture to mention even the name of this place) "by a party of marines, and carried to England. On it is represented a female figure with a helmet on her head; in one hand she holds a poniard, with which she appears to have stabbed a robust male figure prostrate on the ground, on whom she treads with her right foot; a crown lies near, to designate the figure as a representative of the King or Prince Regent," &c.

This, as the lion said to the statuary, is only a picture; let us compare it with a real spectacle, exhibited at this same Hampton.

After the successful attack upon that unfortunate place, and while the soldiers were roaming about, ravishing and plundering, one of these christian freebooters entered a room, in one corner of which was a bed, where lay an old man, and at the side of which sat his wife. This old man was, and had been a long time, unable either to walk, or sit up in the bed where he was lying. The fellow, after taking what he wanted without opposition, and without speaking, or being spoken to, went out of the room; but on second thoughts, returned to the door, deliberately levelled his piece, and shot the sick old man dead, as he lay in his bed. Nothing had passed in the interval of his stepping out and returning, to irritate this murderer, who went away laughing at the joke. This scene has not, it is true, ever been represented on a standard, or painted in a picture; but it is engraven in the hearts of our people, never to be forgot, perhaps never to be forgiven.

Following the story of the obnoxious standard, we have an advertisement extracted from a Providence Gazette, in which a reward of one hundred dollars is offered by the people of Alleghany county, to any inhabitant who should produce a hostile Indian scalp with both ears. This the Reviewer brings forward as a justification of his government for ha-

ving previously associated its cause with that of the Indians, who were incited by pecuniary rewards to scalp and murder our citizens wherever they were to be found. It was in consequence of this temptation, that very soon after the commencement of hostilities, the people of the state of Ohio, on which Alleghany county borders, were many of them barbarously murdered and scalped by the savages, who were continually making nightly inroads, and destroying women and children, for whose scalps they received a stated price from General Proctor.

In self defence, and, it may be, in just vengeance for these horrible outrages, they offered this inducement for the destruction of those enemies whom no rule of civilized life, and no feeling of humanity, would restrain from the murder of unoffending innocence. And yet the Quarterly Reviewer can see no difference between instigating these savages to scalp the very people he himself calls the children of England, and reproaches with ingratitude, and a measure of self defence, as well as of righteous retaliation. It is thus that the advocates of religion, morality, justice, refinement, and taste, are compelled to reason in order to get rid of the eternal opprobrium which covers the conduct of themselves and their allies. Such weakness of argument bespeaks a corresponding weakness in the cause it attempts to uphold, or a debility in the writer that affords a presage of speedy insanity. The critic who descends to such a desperate subterfuge, must either labour under an incurable incapacity to make distinctions, or be animated by such an indiscreet ardour to make good his cause, that he forgets he is resorting to the most obvious means of failing in the attainment of his object. False reasoning raised upon the assumption of doubtful facts is but a poor foundation for the temple of truth. It had better be built on the sands—the flood may come and

carry it away, but it will at least be able to stand alone when neither the waters rise, nor the tempest roars.

In the course of his remarks on the judiciary of the United States, the laureat retails a story of an indecorum that took place in New England, where a fracas happened between a judge and a man who had a cause to be tried. Whether such an outrage ever took place in England we know not; perhaps the stately forms of the court, and the formidable wigs of the judges, may awe the populace into civility and respect. Thus much do we know, however, that we never had a chancellor more vulgar in his manners, and indecent in his vices, than a scullion; nor one that committed suicide for his political apostacy; nor two or three convicted of taking bribes; nor a right reverend bishop, whose intrigues with a married lady of quality have been brought before the public.* Nor, last of all, have we ever had a chief magistrate who has had ballads written upon his royal disaster in being soundly cudgelled for debauching the wife of his counsellor and friend.

Again, if the students of Williamsburg did, as the reviewer affirms, in a moment of popular indignation, pull down the statue of Lord Bottetourt, it was an act in the highest degree indecent and barbarous. In short, it almost equals the English practice of stealing the heads of their dead kings,† disturbing the bones of their immortal poets,‡ or exposing the bodies of their illustrious champions‖ at the price of a shilling a head.

We notice, in this heterogeneous mass, several imputations that are either too ludicrous to deserve a serious answer, or have become unimportant in consequence of the late political changes in Europe. The latter are of a nature to ex-

* See the letters of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

† Henry V. ‡ Milton. ‖ Lord Nelson.

cite party spirit; and in a work of this kind, intended to answer a national attack, we would wish to appeal only to national feelings. We are aware that by criminating England we shall give offence to many; but we are little anxious for the good opinion of those Americans whose sensibilities cannot endure such a vindication of their country. The old story of French influence is brought up again, for instance, by the reviewer, but without being supported by any new arguments. We will, therefore, pass it by with this observation, that a union of interests between two governments, whose interests happen to be the same, bespeaks no undue influence either on one hand or the other, but is a very natural result, arising from an accidental combination of circumstances. The first thing, therefore, to be proved in this case is, that it was not the interest of the United States to circumscribe the British naval power, which is at this moment threatening our shores from Louisiana to Maine.

Under the head of ludicrous charges, we will just notice the complaints of the Quarterly Reviewer, on account of the friendly reception given to Mr. Emmet, and other Irish emigrants; and his ridiculous anger because Mr. Jefferson once gave as a toast, "the independence of Ireland." The critic seems to have forgot entirely that we are not Englishmen in America, and consequently may, without any very heinous offence either against morality or decency, be a little susceptible to the wrongs of our fellow creatures. We never divided the plunder of India, or shared in the sweets of Irish oppression; we are, therefore, not obliged to suppress every feeling of humanity, or be deaf to the claims of exiled patriotism.

The history of Ireland's unhappy connexion with England, exhibits, from first to last, a detail of the most persevering, galling, grinding, insulting, and systematic oppression to be found anywhere except among the helots of Sparta.

There is not a national feeling that has not been insulted and trodden under foot; a national right that has not been withheld until fear forced it from the grasp of England, or a dear and ancient prejudice that has not been violated in that abused country. As christians, the people of Ireland have been denied, under penalties and disqualifications, the exercise of the rites of the Catholic religion, venerable for its antiquity, admirable for its unity, and consecrated by the belief of some of the best men that ever breathed. As men, they have been deprived of the common rights of British subjects, under the pretext that they were incapable of enjoying them, which pretext had no other foundation than their resistance of oppression, only the more severe by being sanctioned by the laws. England first denied them the means of improvement, and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism.

That the people of the United States, who, having once felt, know what English oppression is, should be guilty of the miserable inconsistency of condemning men for what they themselves feel a pride in having done, or that they should shut their doors against those whose doors were never shut against a stranger, is among the ridiculous expectations of overweening selfishness, consulting only its own little narrow prejudices, and having no other standard for the sympathies of mankind than its own stubborn, unyielding hardness. For ourselves, we hope and trust that our country, and the hearts of our countrymen too, will ever be open to receive such men as Mr. Emmet, come whence they will, and that unblemished integrity and superior talents may here find an asylum, from such oppression as is poured upon the heads of the Catholics of Ireland. We can easily perceive the motive which prompts a ministerial advocate to attack the reputation of Ireland and Irishmen, but are entirely at a loss to account for the general abuse cast upon them by a certain

class of writers in this country, unless it should be on the score of their uniform opposition to England and her adherents.

The laureat, in the course of this his predatory warfare, affects to ridicule us occasionally, for a certain propensity to boasting, which we undoubtedly inherit from our English ancestors. Having the example of that country before us, and such good reason to be proud of our victories over the most potent naval power the world ever saw, it is somewhat excusable, if, in the moment of exultation and surprise, some of us should have gone a little beyond the line of sober praise. It is not every nation that can beat England on her own element, and if we feel more than a common pride in the achievement, it is rather a compliment to English prowess than to our own. We were like a young stripling, who having overcome a redoubtable veteran, had not sufficient command of himself for a moment, to disguise his well-founded pride. We maintain that this display of excusable vanity was the greatest compliment that could be paid to England; and so far from the laureat being offended, he ought to thank us for thus endeavouring to reconcile the English to their defeats in this truly magnanimous manner. The people of the United States never, on any occasion, felt more honest pride, even in the midst of their regrets for the gallant Lawrence, than when they learned that Captain Broke had been knighted for his really slpendid achievement, and that the people of England stared at him as if he had performed something almost supernatural. They considered, and with great justice, that such unusual demonstrations indicated that the enemy over whom this solitary triumph had been gained was held in more than usual respect, and that this extraordinary exultation bespoke a proportionate degree of previous despondency,

In speaking of the causes that led to this "unnatural war," as the English papers call it, the laureat expressly charges the people and government of the United States with cherishing a most unprovoked hatred to the English nation, and pays the following delectable compliments to the doting forbearance of this kind mother towards her refractory and ungrateful offspring.

"America," he says, "was a young nation, therefore she must be humoured. She was wayward, therefore she must be won. Such was the doctrine. There were those indeed who did not see any symptoms of the existence of such a sympathy between the parent state and her alienated offspring, but they kept their doubts to themselves. The general cry was too strong for them. The national councils were evidently swayed by it. The poor old mother went on doting and drivelling on the score of natural affection, and kindred habits, and similitude of language, and so forth; until, in the hour of her trial and utmost need, the sentiments of this hopeful child towards her were manifested in a way not to be mistaken."

There is something in this poor attempt to colour the injustice of England, to throw the blame of provoking hostilities upon the United States, and to give a factitious colouring of ingratitude and enormity to the war, that excites indignation, and justifies a departure from that temperate style of remark which we have hitherto endeavoured to preserve. Our ancestors knew, and their posterity will never forget, the proofs of natural affection bestowed on them by this "doting" parent. She is such a parent as the crocodile, who devours his offspring in the very egg, and no doubt weeps while he devours them. Like the stern grandsire of Perseus, she exposed her offspring on the waves of the ocean. She sent them naked into the woods to combat unknown dangers. She took no care of them in their infancy, and

like the twins of the Vestal, they may be said to have been cradled on the waves, and suckled by the wolves of the woods. Her earliest notice was that of oppression—her first parental cares were limited to sharing the fruits of our prosperity—and her last remembrances are acts of remorseless vengeance. Such, indeed, was the severity of her doting kindness, that, like the sons of Alcmæon, we were brought to pray that we might suddenly grow into manhood to punish the oppressor of our fathers. Our prayers were granted, and this doting parent was obliged to resign a claim to obedience which she had never merited either by her kindness or protection. What her conduct has since been it is unnecessary to say. It will be found in the detail of piracies on the water, man stealing on land, and in a thousand insults and injuries, all growing out of a fantastic claim to the dominion of the ocean, founded pretty much like that of Neptune, upon legendary traditions, and tarpaulin songs.

What claim, then, has England either to our gratitude or affection? She gave us nothing that she could withhold, and the only favour we have to acknowledge is the unintentional blessing we derive from the persecutions of this doting parent, which drove our forefathers from their homes, and enabled their posterity to enjoy the freedom and plenty of this liberal land. Is it, then, a matter of surprise or reproach, that while we acknowledge a pride in our affinity, remembering what England once was, we should have lost every trace of those feelings that spring not so much from the mere connexion of blood as from that interchange of good offices which is the usual concomitant of such a connexion?

The whole history of our intercourse with England exhibits a series of arrogant pretension on her part, and patient, if not silent, endurance on ours. If, then, as the reviewer expresses it, in the "hour of trial," when England was struggling for her existence, which, it seems, depends on univer-

sal blockade, and indiscriminate impressment, the government of the United States took advantage of that favourable moment to commence hostilities, not to oppress a fallen enemy, but to obtain justice from an overbearing one, it was a policy consonant with the strictest rule of right, and the practice of all governments. No one, we believe, ever heard it asserted, that the situation of England at that time imposed upon the United States any moral obligation to submit to wrong or insult, and this is the first time it was ever insinuated that there was any peculiar enormity in taking advantage of the embarrassments of our overbearing enemy, to obtain satisfaction for injuries and future security. If England, as has been of late so often said, was struggling with France for existence, instead of universal dominion on the ocean, and conceived herself placed in a situation which justified a resort to means that are only defensible, on the plea of self-preservation, and which involved the rights and interests of other nations—this, however it might be an excuse for her conduct, would certainly not impose upon those nations any obligation to submit to such violations. We know of no moral maxim, or rule of national courtesy, that demands such sacrifices. The thief may perhaps feel himself justified, on the plea of his necessities, in robbing the coffers of his neighbour; but if his neighbour is able to resist this invasion of his property, we believe it would be considered no very great crime, if, in so doing, he chose the most favourable moment for that purpose.

Another most laughable and curious accusation against the government of the United States is, that Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison have had the unparalleled effrontery to talk of the "high destinies" of this country, thereby insinuating that we shall one day be a great and powerful nation. The blustering reviewer reprobates this assumption of prospective greatness, and seems to consider it as a gross insult to

England, which has, of late, assumed a prescriptive right to the monopoly of all moral, intellectual, and political greatness, past, present, and to come. In humble extenuation of this offence, we would beg permission to observe, that possessing, as we do, a vast extent of territory, comprising almost every variety of climate, capable of producing every thing necessary to the wants and wishes of mankind, free in its institutions, admirable in its geographical situation, and inhabited by a people active, intelligent, acute, and valiant; we can see but one cause that, in the usual course of events, can possibly prevent the United States from becoming, ere long, a great and illustrious nation. That cause is the dissolution of our national compact, which alone, of all the events to be reasonably anticipated, can destroy the fairest prospect that ever dawned upon the infancy of a state. It is believed that the people of America know and feel this momentous truth, and that it will be long, very long, before the intrigues of disappointed ambition, baffled in its attempts at distinction in the national government, will be able to succeed in acquiring a petty and ignominious consequence, founded on the destruction of our bond of union.

We trust that those distinctions which have been set up by little demagogues to excite local jealousies, and give themselves a consequence at home, to which their talents would not entitle them abroad, will wear away by collision, instead of acquiring additional asperity by opposition; and that our auspicious union will resemble that of the Missouri and Missisippi, whose waters, after forming a junction, flow for a while distinct from each other, but at length incorporate into one mighty stream, everlasting in its duration, and irresistible in its course.

Before we conclude this examination, it may not be altogether useless to notice one of those vulgar and disingenuous artifices, which, though common with the meaner class of wri-

ters, we consider altogether beneath the dignity of a Quarterly Reviewer. A writer, not only destitute of real candour, but deficient in talents, and conscious of that deficiency, will, indeed, sometimes descend to the meanness of attempting to gain credit for a thousand misrepresentations, by the occasional admission of a self-evident, or, at least, incontrovertible fact. However mean and little may be such an artifice, and much as it is unworthy the reputation even of a laureat, still he has condescended to resort to it more than once on this occasion. He has sought to gain credit for his abuse of Franklin, by his candid acknowledgment that Washington, "he believes, was an honest man;" a most singular specimen of liberality, which we should be most happy to emulate by paying the same compliment to the present efficient head of the British government, were we not afraid of bringing our veracity in question. Again, this candid writer acknowledges, that on the ocean he must "fairly confess we have much to commend in them," (the people of the United States,) "and we have still something to redeem." This confession, however, is closely followed up by its antidote, and he adds, speaking of our operations on the land, "their threats and performances have followed each other in ludicrous contrast." We feel a pride in being able, at this moment, to turn this sneer against its author. When the battles of Chippewa, of Bridgewater, the sortie at Erie, and the disgrace of Champlain, shall be known in England, perhaps we may hear a different story. Above all, when the famous retreat of that renowned knight Sir George Prevost, which, like that of the ten thousand, would require a second Xenophon to do it justice, is told, we should like to hear what the laureat will say. We doubt whether it will not require a superabundance of his beloved sack to elevate his spirits to the "sticking place" of a birth-day ode, and are under

serious apprehensions that he will not shout so vociferously in his next, as he did in his last composition.

Disguised, garbled, and falsified, as their accounts will be, according to custom, all the shuffling of hackneyed writers, grown gray and dexterous in the arts of misrepresentation, will not be able to hide the bitter, mortifying truth, that they have been three times beaten on the land by inferior numbers, and again annihilated on their own element, as they foolishly call it, in sight of two armies. They will be obliged to know the mortifying fact, that their boasted veterans, commanded by their boasted generals, lost on the banks of the Saranac the laurels they gained on the shores of the Guadalquiver, were stripped of their *Hesperian* spoils, "and ran and roared" with such lusty vigour as to baffle the swiftness of our light-footed mountaineers.

When these truths shall be known among the inflated and intoxicated people of England,* they may perhaps act as a warning voice, whispering in their ear, that they are mortal. They may enforce the necessity of moderation in prosperity, and go far to convince them, that we, too, have not only the blood of the lion, but of the young and vigorous lion in our veins. They may serve to recall the recollection of the story of Saturn, whose empire, though it extended over the earth, the sky, and the waters, was at last overturned by his own sons; and renew the remembrance of the catastrophe of Ænetus, who perished through excess of exultation at the moment he became victor at the Olympic games. All history is filled with examples of nations and individuals that have fallen victims to their want of moderation in prosperity; and it would be well for England to bear in mind, that the man

* One of their late writers thus speaks of the people of England, in allusion to their late conduct: "When they were beaten, their pride and arrogance rendered them intolerable to other nations, and now that they have some cause to rejoice, they have become intolerable to themselves."

at whose downfall she is now rejoicing, was himself a memorable instance of preposterous ambition.

Such examples may serve to invigorate our confidence, and check the ill-founded hopes of England, who, if she determines to continue this war, in the fallacious expectation of forcing the United States to dismember their territory, and abandon those lakes that have become more precious than ever to the hearts of Americans, as the scenes of their national triumphs, will waste her blood and treasure like the rivers of the desert, that sink into the sands without producing either vegetation or fertility. Should we be at last forced to purchase a peace at the price of such sacrifices, the repose thus dearly bought will be but a resting spell on our part to recruit our vigour for a more bloody and desperate contest. Whatever we give up, we must take back again. But of such a peace we feel no apprehension. The resources of England, great as they may be, are neither eternal nor inexhaustible; and although she seems to have arrived at that unnatural and abhorred state, in which war is absolutely necessary to her existence—an existence so supported, cannot last for ever. Like the sons of Ishmael, whose hands were against every man, every man's hand will be raised against her, as the common enemy of the repose of the world. Her efforts to impede the rising prosperity of this country will serve no other purpose than to create an everlasting barrier to the revival of either confidence or good will, and awaken a bitter and immortal antipathy between two nations, one of whom, let it be remembered, can expect no accession of strength from the lapse of time, the other yet in its cradle, but even there too strong to be crushed, and to whose youthful frame every year adds vigour and elasticity.

The fortune that presided over the destinies of England, was she whom the ancients represented with wings, standing on the prow of a ship, and holding the rudder in her hand;

but our tutelary goddess is she, who was pictured bearing the horn of plenty, and crowned with stars. The fortune of England has already quitted her ship, and even the populace of that country are conscious of the ominous truth. They no longer applaud, at the theatres, the songs that are sung in honour of their once gallant tars, and hear with indifference or disgust those sentiments to which it was once their pride to listen. A few months ago, a piece called, we think, the Privateer, was played at the Lyceum theatre in London, in the course of which there occurred a compliment to the British navy. An attempt was made to applaud, as was usual in former times, but it was overpowered by a hiss, and a person in the boxes was heard to exclaim, "That character is forfeited." When, too, at the Regent's late grand gala, a mock battle was represented on the Serpentine river between an American and an English frigate, the former of which, after a hard struggle struck her flag, it was observed by the populace, "They'd better have let that alone." Trifling as these anecdotes may seem, they furnish surer omens than the flights of birds, or the smoking entrails of sacrificed beasts. They are the croakings of the raven that sits among the ruins of some magnificent pile, and while he records its ancient splendours, foretells its future downfall. They indicate that the pillar of England's glory, the support of her national pride, and the foundation of her power, is mouldering at its base.

The people of England already begin to discover that they will not reap the advantages they anticipated from the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte. Whoever is king of France must be the enemy of England. The continental system has already produced effects that will be most severely felt in Great Britain. By loaning large sums to manufacturers at an interest of two per cent, and by other means of encouragement, the French emperor had already enabled them to manufacture calicoes, hosiery, and other articles, not only

superior to those of England, but to supply the continent of Europe, even to the confines of Siberia, at a rate of twenty-five per cent cheaper than the inferior productions of the English trade. It is preposterous in the extreme to suppose that England, by no means a cheap country, and where the imposts upon manufactures, as well as the taxes on labour, are higher than anywhere else on earth, can continue to undersell the rest of the world. Every new tax upon the productions of labour must necessarily increase the price of that labour, as well as of its product, or the labourer must starve. With a load of taxes which thus inevitably enhances the price of every article, not only of labour, but of raw material, and with a national debt the interest of which can only be raised by this system of taxation, or by subjecting the trade of the whole world to ignominious restrictions, in order to monopolize its benefits, we see no reason why we are to shrink from a competition, or submit to dishonour, in order to escape the grasp of this imposing shadow of greatness, which is only kept from bankruptcy by perpetual wars to engross the commerce of the world. The late shipments of British goods to the continent have resulted in the ruin of the adventurers. The reason assigned by the English papers for these failures, is the poverty of the continent. But there is a deeper as well as a more permanent cause. The French manufacture cheaper and better themselves, and the present government, pursuing the wise policy of Bonaparte, the most fatal enemy that England ever had, is determined to protect these rising institutions. Nothing can be a stronger proof of this determination than the following unquestionable fact: One of the first acts of Louis was to order the reëxportation of several cargoes of British goods which had been imported into Bordeaux, under a special permission and promise of protection from the Duke of Angouleme. These goods were ordered to be immediately reshipped, the government of France allowing *five*

per cent on the invoice to cover charges. A close inspection of the trade of England, for the last years, will show that it made a much greater figure in the books of the custom-house than in those of the merchant. The trade to Buenos Ayres was a losing trade; that to Tonningen was the same, and so has been that to France since the conclusion of the European war. The manufacturers became at last reduced to the alternative of not manufacturing at all, or reducing the wages of their workmen. This is the secret of that distress which has within the last few years fallen so heavily upon the labouring class in England. Experience and inquiry have already traced this effect in a great measure to the loss of the American market, regularly increasing, and affording a regular profit, almost as much to be calculated upon as the income arising from so much money invested in stock. The consumption of English manufactures is nearly at an end on the continent of Europe, and a few years of hostility will for ever put an end to it on the continent of North America, with the exception of the English colonies. So sensible is the British government of this approaching crisis, that it is preparing the way for opening the ports of South America, by taking part with the insurgents. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that Capt. Hillyer offered, in the name of his government, his mediation between the two parties in Chili, and obtained the submission of the insurgents on condition *that their ports should be opened to all British vessels and British manufactures.* This submission was refused by Ferdinand on these terms, and here is the true secret of the enmity of that monarch to England, as well as of the downfall of the Cortes, which consisted of the creatures of the English ministry. The King of Spain perceived that the object of this insidious mediation on the part of England, was merely to create an excuse for intermeddling in the affairs of the Spanish colonies. The result of all this is obvious.

The insurgents, on the receipt of this disavowal, again take up arms; and England, under pretence that her honour is implicated in seeing the terms of this mediation complied with, comes in for the whole trade of Chili as the price of guaranteeing its independence.

A government reduced to such petty shifts to dispose of its haberdashery, ought to be no mighty object of apprehension to us, who require no other advantages than those which justice and right bestow, to sustain ourselves with honour as a nation. The means which God and nature have given us are amply sufficient for the support of this country if they are not divided by the arts of faction, or withheld by cowardice or scruples of pretended conscience, but real interest. Let England, then, take her choice of peace or war. Let her, like the proud ambassador of Rome, throw her javelin into our territory: she will never get it back again, if we are but true to ourselves, and to the advantages we possess. But even should we be destined to lose a limb by the gradual progress of corruption, the loss of a gangrened limb, so far from impairing, adds to the vigour of the constitution.

But we forbear to enlarge upon this subject, because we believe that the opposition to which we allude is in its last moments. When men cease to reason, and begin to substitute quips and quirks, and clamour, and general invective, it is a proof that their cause is desperate, and that this is felt by its supporters. Another motive for not pursuing these observations is, that our great object is to awaken a national feeling, distinct, as much as possible, from local interests and partialities. For this purpose we have occasionaly indicated to the people of the United States, the superior happiness they enjoy beyond every other community in the world. We have compared their situation with that of the great mass of the people of England, and by showing them how blest they are, if they did but know it, have endea-

voured to incite them to unanimity in defending their invaluable inheritance. We have incidentally pointed out and discriminated between those things of which they ought to be proud, and those which, being the natural and inevitable consequence of their peculiar situation, ought not to make them ashamed. Some of the evils under which they labour may be remedied by their own exertions, and others must be left to time, which, by gradually introducing new changes in society, will pave the way for their abolition. We have, in short, laboured, so far as the limits of this work would permit, to lay a solid foundation for national pride, by contrasting the advantages we possess, and the disadvantages under which we labour, with those of England. A national confidence reared upon such a basis, equally removed from fantastic vanity on one hand, and unmanly inferiority on the other, ennobles a people, awakens and matures a lofty feeling of patriotism, and is the foundation of lasting greatness. That miserable, poor-spirited acquiescence which arises from an habitual feeling of inferiority, may sometimes ward off the hour of destruction, but cannot preserve a nation from everlasting contempt; while that senseless vanity, which is the product of a total ignorance of ourselves and others, is sure to be ruined in the first contest, because it leads to the neglect of those precautions that alone can ensure success.

We shall close with a few remarks upon the style of the article to which we have attempted a reply, however presumptuous it may seem to criticise the writings of a man whose very vocation it is to criticise those of others. If England has no stouter champion, though we may not find an antagonist to dispute the title of the Prince Regent to the throne of his ancestors with that trusty and thrice valiant knight Sir John Dymock, assuredly it will not be long before we find one to dispute the sceptre of literature, if it be in the keeping of the Quarterly Review. There is a superlative

style of vulgarity, which cannot be replied to without forgetting what we owe to our own character, or exposed in its true colours, without offending against decorum. This is precisely the case with this coarse critic, who stigmatizes us with a want of refinement in language that would disgrace any writer but one whose hard fate it is to write odes in praise of a royal master who cannot venture into the streets of his own capital without being hissed by his subjects.*

The criticism of the laureat reminds us of the abuse of a boisterous boor, little solicitous of any other glory than that of overcoming his antagonist by his superior command of the vulgar tongue. There is a sort of swaggering and ill-bred arrogance about it that cannot be adequately described without a resort to indecorous comparisons, and would almost induce us to believe, that it had been written in one of those unlucky intervals when the laureat, having indulged himself rather indiscreetly over a cup of sack, nature, finding discretion fast asleep, took the opportunity to peep out and expose herself most indecently. Every page of this vituperative article displays the broad stamp not only of misrepresentation, but of vulgar misrepresentation, proceeding from the undisciplined and unpolished malignity of a rude and blustering bully, bawling his abuse across the streets, and neutralizing the effect of his assertions by his evident contempt of candour as well as decency.

As well wishers to the cause of literature, the interests of which are universal, and independent of national hostility, we cannot help sincerely regretting, that a critical journal, the professed object of which is to polish, purify, and direct, not only the public taste, but the public morals, should be thus degraded into a mere common sewer of low-bred abuse and

* This happened more than once to his royal highness, who now seldom ventures abroad, except under the protection of Lord Wellington.

acrimonious invective. The last number* of that work, in particular, was so unworthy of its former reputation, that it has been rumoured the publisher in this country applied to one of our literati to revise it, who declined, under the plea that such an undertaking might offend his majesty's ministers, and protract the war. The insults of such indifferent writers are in truth peculiarly grating to our feelings. We had borne without shrinking the attacks of Porcupine, Janson, Parkinson, Moore, and the rest; and if we are now wrought up to a sensation of peculiar bitterness, it is because we feel ourselves in the predicament of the old lion, who submitted without a murmur to the insults of more respectable beasts, but was at last roused to indignation by the kick of an ass.

The most unreflecting reader will perceive the injury that must inevitably result from the perversion of these literary tribunals, whose presiding judges thus make use of their influence over the public mind, for no other purpose than to disseminate prejudices, to forward the local and temporary views of party, rather than the eternal and universal interests of truth, and like the Daunian dogs who fawned upon their high priest, but barked at all the world beside, had rather libel the whole human race, than lose the patronage of a minister of state. For ourselves, we confidently anticipate the decline of this prostituted institution, and that the period is not very remote, when the people of America will no longer indulge in that preposterous prodigality which pays for the coarsest manufacture of foreign abuse, and purchases, with disinterested avidity, the most worthless and worst written libels upon themselves and their country.

* No. 20.

FINIS.